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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	701
AMERICAN AIMS AT BERMUDA	704
HOMES FOR THE TWO NATIONS. By Norman MacKenzie	704
LONDON DIARY. By Flavus	705
NOT GUILTY. By Sagittarius	706
THIS ENGLAND	706
SOVIET GERMANY. By Emrys Hughes, M.P.	706
RED HERRING. By Basil Davidson	707
SOULS OR VOTES. By Paul Johnson	708
DUMMY GELIGNITE. By Neil McCallum	710
THEY COME FROM INNER SPACE. By J. B. Priestley	712
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
A Question of Mood. By T. C. Worsley	714
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.*	Page
Portrait of the Artist as an Aquarium. By John Berger	715
The Movies. By William Whitebait	715
Radio Notes. By William Salter	715
CORRESPONDENCE	716
From Fred Lee, M.P.; G. P. Ambrose; A. F. Philp; E. Waite; Sir George Thomson; Professor F. G. Gregory, F.R.S.; John Eber; W. Gallacher; T. Prager; Dr. W. N. Edwards; T. S. Eliot and others; Hallam Tennyson.	
CHRISTMAS BOOKS—II:	
He Weeps by the Side of the Ocean. By Louis MacNeice	721
On Reading Soviet Writers. By Donald Davie	722
CHRISTMAS BOOKS II—*contd.*	Page
Reviews by Arthur Marshall; Geoffrey Keynes; Lawrence Gowing; G. S. Fraser; Margaret Lane; Walter Allen; Philippa Downes; P. L. Travers; Janet Adam Smith.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By H. R. Trevor-Roper	735
HUMANITIES. By Robert Conquest	736
REVIEWS:	
Experience of War. By T. C. Worsley	736
What Is Science? By Anthony Barnett	738
New Novels. By Antonia White	738
The Dumpling is Forlorn. By Montagu Slater	739
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	739
CHESS. By Assiac	740
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	742

The Moral of the Ungrateful Sudan

THE Sudanese elections have provided a resounding success for General Neguib, which must destroy the last illusion of those who hoped against hope that an independent Sudan would continue to lean on Britain. In the politically literate North, the chief contestants for power were Sir Ali Mirghani, leader of the Orthodox Moslems, who favour a close (but carefully undefined) connection with Egypt, and Sir Abdel Rahman el Mahdi, the Mahdi's grandson, who for years had been backed by the British officials in Khartoum but had recently veered towards a policy of complete independence. Sir Ali Mirghani has won a sweeping victory, and the Socialist Republicans, the only party which could be called in any sense pro-British, scored a negligible vote. Even in the primitive South, the anti-Egyptian elements have not done as well as was expected. Under the Anglo - Egyptian agreement signed last February, it was laid down that complete independence should be achieved within three years. It now looks as if Britain will fade out long before that period is completed.

This abrupt end of a British administration, which did signal service to the Sudan, will benefit no one, least of all the tribesmen of the tropical South. This country must accept another defeat as humiliating and as unnecessary as the loss of Abadan and the Palestine debacle. Once again, by failing to read the signs of the times and refusing to make quick decisions and timely concessions, a British Government has been forced to accept a total loss. But this time it is Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden who must bear the responsibility.

Almost exactly a year ago, General Neguib suddenly reversed Egyptian policy and discarded King Farouk's claim to suzerainty over the Sudan. The occasion he chose was when the Sudanese political leaders were returning to Khartoum after attending a conference in London, where final arrangements were made for elections. These were to give the country limited self-government, under British tutelage. Having requested the Sudanese to visit him in Cairo, the General outbid London by offering them a plan for achieving complete independence of both Britain and Egypt within three years. Instead of welcoming the Egyptian plan as soon as it was announced last November, Mr. Eden haggled for three precious months. Obviously nonplussed by Neguib's diplomatic coup, he spent week after week trying to amend his proposals in order to give the Governor-General special powers relating to the Southern provinces during the three-year period. The only effect of these negotiations was to give the impression that Britain was stalling, and to let General Neguib appear in the guise of a liberator. The good will built up by decades of enlightened administration was destroyed by three months of leisurely exchanges between the Foreign Office, Khartoum and Cairo—exchanges which achieved precisely nothing for the luckless Southern tribes and merely made certain that General Neguib would win an even more resounding victory.

Not that the victory of the National Unionist Party means that Sir Ali Mirghani will tamely accept directives from the military junta in Cairo. The real point at issue between the Sudanese parties, apart from their religious differences, has always been whether to use the Egyptians in order to get rid of the British or to use the British in order to get rid of the Egyptians. Independence is a very genuine aspiration in Khartoum; and in the control of the Nile waters—on which both countries depend for their very existence—it is Khartoum, not Cairo, that has the ultimate sanction, whether that sanction is wielded by a British Governor-General or a Sudanese Prime Minister. All this General Neguib, who was educated at Gordon College, knows very well. If Egypt is to become master of her own destiny by gaining control of the Upper Nile, she can do so only by winning the confidence and co-operation of the new Sudanese Government.

In this new situation, what should British policy be? Already among the Tory dichards, headed by Julian Amery and Enoch Powell, the opinion is being expressed that the Egyptian victory in the Sudan elections will strengthen their hand against Mr. Eden. How, they ask, can Sir Winston Churchill permit his Foreign Secretary to follow up so ignominous an electoral reverse by an Imperial scuttle? If we have lost the Sudan by his ineptitude and weakness, we must stand firm on the Canal.

Such words may sound well in the precincts of Westminster but they bear no relation to the realities of Middle Eastern politics. The Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary know that they must obtain an agreement on the future of the Canal Zone before the Treaty runs out in 1956; and the longer they postpone the decision, the worse the terms they will get. Mr. Eden could have clinched the deal last February, in the atmosphere of good-will created by the Agreement on the Sudan. He could have signed again last autumn. Each time his nerve failed at the baying of the back-benchers, and each time the opportunity was lost. Now he must resume negotiations in a far more unfavourable atmosphere. Will he hesitate once again in the Micawberite hope that something will turn up to save him from the necessity of decision? If he does, he will make unavoidable a scuttle more humiliating than that from Palestine.

The Russian Note and Bermuda

The chilly reception given by Washington to the Russian Note of November 26 clearly reflects disappointment in the State Department. As our Washington Correspondent reports in a despatch printed on a later page, Mr. Dulles and his advisers had hoped that they could now get on with the business of rearming Western Germany without the "distraction" of talks with the Soviet Union. This delaying embarrassment they can scarcely now avoid; and the reply to the Soviet Union which is to be drafted at Bermuda will presumably be an acceptance of the unconditional Russian offer to take part in a Big Four Foreign Ministers' conference on Germany. The assertion of the State Department, echoed dutifully by most British newspapers, that the Russian Note represents a "retreat," can be sustained only on the assumption—which we have consistently disputed—that previous Notes embodied "impossible preconditions" for a Big Four meeting. What the Russians have done in their latest Note is, in effect, to drop their demand for clarification, by "correspondence," of the question whether the West is determined, irrespective of the results of any conference, to press on with the re-militarisation of Western Germany. The Russians are now content to have this question explored at the conference itself. The Note makes it plain that Moscow has not abated one whit its bitter opposition to the creation of what it calls "an aggressive bloc" of Western European states; and it reaffirms the need, in Russia's opinion, for a Big Five meeting to discuss not merely Korea but a "general easement of tension in international relations." Indeed, the question of convening such a meeting "in the near future" will be raised by the Soviet delegate when the Big Four get together. The immediate purpose, however, of the conference (in Berlin) now proposed should be, according to the Soviet Union, to seek a solution of the German problem which does not involve the re-creation of a German Army, and whose complement would be an adequate system of East-West guarantees of mutual security. As that is far removed from the American conception, the prospects of agreement at Berlin are bleak. Already, this week, Mr. Dulles has discovered a new precondition of success: unless the "breath of freedom" is allowed to "touch the Iron Curtain countries," nothing will be achieved by the Big Four meeting.

Two-and-a-half Power Meeting

If the American delegation seems likely to have arrived at Bermuda in a bad temper, the unhappiest members of the party will beyond doubt be MM. Laniel and Bidault. Not merely must the French Premier be painfully conscious that the vote in the Assembly which sent him to Bermuda can in no circumstances be regarded as a mandate to pledge France to ratify E.D.C., but M. Bidault's brief and belated visit to The Hague gave him no ground for supposing that, when the question of ratification is debated, next year, by the Assembly, things will be any easier for the "Europeans." M. Bidault appears to have found Dr. Adenauer adamant in declining to modify German claims on the Saar; and the famous "Political Community," whose establishment is made by the French Socialists a precondition of voting for E.D.C., is visibly receding from the world of reality. The discussions at The Hague by representatives of the six Western European Governments showed clearly that none of them has any idea of accepting, in loss of sovereignty, the full implications of federalism; indeed, as our Paris Correspondent reports this week, even the coal-steel pool is becoming increasingly unpopular with the big French industrialists. In these circumstances, and with the certainty that there will be a new French Government before the Big Four meeting takes place, the Bermuda sessions can fairly be described as those of a Two-and-a-half Power Conference.

For Fear of Mr. Lyttelton

The immediate causes of the dismissal of the Kabaka of Buganda were his uncompromising refusal to nominate members to the Uganda Executive Council and his identification with a powerful Buganda separatist movement. Mr. Lyttelton's defence of his *coup* is to argue, in effect, that these complaints made it impossible for any British Government to maintain the Kabaka in power. There is, no doubt, some force in this argument, which considerably impressed the Commons on Wednesday: certainly, criticism of Mr. Lyttelton ought not to lend countenance to the idea that the separation of Buganda from the rest of the Protectorate would be a mark of progress. Moreover, it is certain that Sir Andrew Cohen, the Governor, would not have been a party to the Kabaka's overthrow, had he, in the last resort, seen any other method of resolving the crisis. But why should crisis arise between an educated, modern-minded young ruler and a progressive, sympathetic Governor? The answer, put crudely, seems to have been sheer fear of Mr. Lyttelton. The Colonial Secretary's crassly inopportune speech last June, in which he hinted at a further White-dominated federation to include Uganda, caused little short of panic in the Protectorate, so far free of White settlers. It is easy for us to believe of Mr. Lyttelton that he simply did not understand the implications of such clumsy remarks; but Africans in Uganda, knowing how he had forced Central African federation on their neighbours, naturally supposed that he would not shrink from dealing similarly with them. Such is Mr. Lyttelton's ill-repute in Africa that all his earnest disclaimers have been unavailing. Even if, as is now suggested, the Kabaka came in the end to believe him, the people of Buganda did not; and the Kabaka, taking perhaps a long view, judged it wiser to pay the price of exile than show himself to his followers as a stooge of Mr. Lyttelton.

South African Racism and the U.N.

The issues raised by the debate in the *ad hoc* Political Committee on the Report of the U.N. Commission on the racial situation in South Africa have immense significance for the United Nations. It did not need a Commission to establish that the racial policy of the South African Government is incompatible with the terms of the Charter, and that it may "endanger internal social peace and may prejudice general welfare and friendly relations between States." Yet now that this has been clearly recognised, the U.N. is still faced with the problem of what steps it can take. Never before has the U.N. been so directly concerned with the internal affairs of a member State; and it is now brought up against the barrier of complete non-co-operation from the Union Government supported by almost the whole of the rest of the White community. Whatever concrete measures the General Assembly were to propose would be flatly turned down by South Africa. The Indian delegation, therefore, seems to have found the only constructive approach with its resolution—supported by sixteen other nations—which calls on the Commission to continue its work. If racial discrimination itself is recognised as a threat to world peace, wherever it may occur, and if an international attempt can be made to analyse and remove its causes, South African opinion (and opinion about South Africa) must inevitably be influenced in the long run. The British delegation, standing on the legalistic issue of non-competence to interfere in domestic issues, opposes India's resolution.

Safety for Miners

The moral of the Knockshinnoch and Creswell disasters—that the statutory regulations governing safety in mines required overhauling—was emphasised so insistently at the time in our columns that it is with all the more satisfaction that we welcome the new Mines and Quarries Bill, which brings up to date, in the light of new

conditions and knowledge, the Act of 1911. Apart from rightly raising from 15 to 16 the minimum age for employment under ground, the Bill has three important points: it defines more clearly the chain of responsibility; it recognises that mechanisation has increased dust dangers, against which it is now to be the clear duty of the manager to take adequate precautions; and, with the Creswell tragedy clearly in mind, it imposes on the manager the responsibility for ensuring that, given the possibility of underground fires on main intake airways, miners must have a chance of escape by a second main intake. It is only fair to add that a directive on these lines was issued, after Creswell, by the Coal Board; but the statutory obligation—to apply as soon as practicable—is all to the good.

Farmers and Consumers

Co-operators are up in arms about the return to full authority of the Milk Marketing Board, and about the proposals of the National Farmers' Union to establish a number of new producers' boards on the same lines. Their objections have been reinforced by the N.F.U.'s proposal to set up under its own control two central bodies—the N.F.U. Development Co. and the Farmers' Central Organisation—to link up the agricultural Co-operatives by providing a central source of credit, and to bring them into full partnership with the N.F.U. in pursuing its policy of marketing through statutory producers' monopolies. Most Co-operators take very strong objection to this form of State-sanctioned producer control. The Co-operative Movement in this country, dominated by Consumers' Societies, has never succeeded in bringing agricultural and consumers' Societies into a common structure. It does, however, stand firmly for the representation of consumers as well as producers on any marketing agency armed with compulsory powers; and the case for such a structure is overwhelming when the State is paying out money in subsidies or keeping out competitive imports—as is now being done under the concessions secured from Gatt—in the interests of home producers.

Welcome Change of Heart

It is agreeable to be able to record a victory—even a small one—for imagination and decency against the tight-pursed attitude of the Treasury. To his credit, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has now persuaded the Chancellor to increase the British contribution to the U.N. Technical Assistance Fund. The Minister of State has clearly been convinced of the really worthwhile activities of this, the most hopeful and constructive, side of the U.N., which has already touched and transformed the lives of millions in the underdeveloped countries. And, with reason, he has been embarrassed by the niggardliness of the British contribution. Now we have increased our pledge from £500,000 to £600,000 and, *pour encourager les autres*, have promised another £50,000 if the other nations bring the total up to $25,000,000. It still is not enough in terms of needs, nor in proportion to the U.S. contribution; but it is an encouraging "vote of confidence."

PARIS

Dark Days for Little Europe

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Now that the smoke of battle has cleared, it is becoming increasingly obvious that the foreign policy debate marked a distinct check for the supporters of E.D.C. Although the immediate effect of the latest Russian Note was to enable M. Laniel to get his vote of confidence—Bermuda with no French representative was in these circumstances an intolerable idea—it will ultimately strengthen the case of the "Anti-Europeans" by increasing the possibility of an alternative solution. Before the Note became public, indeed, it was becoming clear that, even if a pro-E.D.C. majority could be found in the Assembly, it would be impossible to get all of them to vote for any single motion. As one observer put it: "If it comes to a count, there are probably enough heads, but they won't stay still long enough to be counted." In any case, the Independents are now beginning to have second thoughts about supporting E.D.C.

As for the future, the two strongest candidates for power in January—M. Pinay and M. Mendès-France—are both in favour of further postponement. Their exact positions are not quite clear, since prepared statements by both of them, which were to have appeared in this week's *Express*, were stolen from the printers and circulated by Communist deputies during the final stages of the debate; as a result, the magazine refused to publish them, and only summarized versions are available. Nevertheless, it is clear from these that both insist on a "redressment" of the French economy before final ratification. Since Deputies are even more divided about how to "redress" the economy than they are about E.D.C., ratification seems remote.

Meanwhile, the coal-steel pool, the only Little-European institution which has actually seen the light of day, is running into serious difficulties. For some time, reports from Luxemburg have indicated that the continuing steel recession was leading to friction between the French and German steel combines and impeding the development of a common market. The latest bulletin of the Steel Commission of the High Authority admits that, up till now, it has been unable to "develop any real competition in the steel industry" and hints that attempts to regulate prices in accordance with the terms of the pool's constitution have been total failures. There is also a growing resentment among the French steel *patronat* towards M. Monnet and other French members of the High Authority; they are accused of neglecting French interests. Recent utterances by M. Louvel, the Minister of Industry and principal spokesman of the French steel interests, have become increasingly nationalistic in tone, and he and M. Monnet are said to be scarcely on speaking terms. Such disagreements, though relatively minor in themselves, confirm the impression that the French steel industry is now disillusioned with the whole experiment.

Its object in joining the pool was to consolidate the advances made *vis-à-vis* the German industry in the immediate post-war years. It now realises that the pool has conspicuously failed to do this and, if anything, is operating in Germany's favour. This week, M. Morizot, president of the Fine Steel Producers' Association, in a declaration to the Assembly Committee on Industrial Production, gave an indication of the attitude the industry is likely to take. After reminding the Committee that the common market for fine steels was due to come into existence next May, he pointed out that the industry could not be expected to co-operate unless the Government recognised its "special difficulties" by granting "substantial concessions"—notably in electricity rates. The speech reinforces the belief that the French steel industry has concluded its future does not lie in a common market, and is returning to its traditional source of economic power—Government patronage. This decision will undoubtedly influence the attitude of the Right towards other aspects of European integration.

MALAYA

When the Emergency Ends

Our Singapore Correspondent writes: General Templer's announcement that the new legislative Council next January will be appointed for one year only, does not necessarily mean that Malaya will have a popularly elected Council in 1955. The Federal Elections Committee is still working on its report, and it may not be ready for months. This is not expected to worry the Government. General Templer has never shown much enthusiasm for Federal elections; he has preferred to concentrate upon elections to the Local Councils, which, in effect, are village and *kampong* authorities, with limited power. They are, however, more popular than Town Councils, in which only Federal citizens can take part, and of these only a small proportion bother to vote.

The Government must take part of the blame for this, in not explaining what popular local government actually means. There has been so much official propaganda—mainly anti-Communist—in Malaya during the past five years that the people can hardly be blamed if they suspect the call to register for voting to be another propaganda stunt, if nothing worse. The recent appointment of a "Cabinet Minister" for Local Government may help to awaken interest, but there is not much he can do at present because he has no Federal powers.

While the High Commissioner may not be enthusiastic about immediate Federal elections, he has never denied that there is a great growth of interest in the political and constitutional progress of the Federation. He is fully aware that political activity is bound to grow with the removal of the Emergency Regulations. Yet he clearly has considerable doubts. He is right when he says that a realistic plan has still to be worked out for the gradual emergence of a united self-governing Malayan nation. So far only the infant Labour Party, still little more than a discussion group, has worked out anything like a detailed plan. This is understandable. So long as the Emergency Regulations exist, nationalists capable of producing a plan and leading a vigorous party will remain wisely hidden. General Templer's condemnation of people including some British who, he said, are trying to achieve independence by creating a common hatred against the protecting Power, has done nothing to restore their confidence. Who can define the difference between hatred of the protecting Power and dislike of colonialism?

Meanwhile, across the Causeway, Sir George Rendel is conducting an independent inquiry into the constitution of the Colony. This follows a local demand for a fully elected Council. Singapore must, of course, become part of the united Malayan nation, and this factor the Commission must take into account. Recent events have revealed that the Colony and the Federation are not always working on a common policy, which is silly. Consequently, some people wonder if, next year, when Sir Gerald Templer is due to leave, the opportunity should not be taken to appoint one High Commissioner for both territories, each having a deputy. There is a lot which could be said in favour of such a plan.

American Aims at Bermuda

(From Our Washington Correspondent)

UNITY, honey, determination and molasses are sure to drip from the joint communiqué at the close of the Bermuda conference. A survey, however, from the Washington angle, of some of the problems to be discussed suggests there are cold difficulties which even four days of soft Bermuda sunshine will fail to melt.

Moscow's assent to a meeting of the Big Four Foreign Ministers has increased the importance of the Bermuda conference and changed its character. The latest Soviet Note reached Washington on Thanksgiving Day and left the State Department extremely unthankful. For weeks Mr. Secretary Dulles and his staff had been proclaiming Russia's unwillingness to confer, and talking of Moscow's "impossible conditions" for a meeting with the West. High officials of the State Department had greeted the previous Soviet Note, dated November 3, as opening a new era. By that they meant, not an age of understanding, but—as they explained—an end to illusions about the post-Stalin honeymoon, and entry upon a period of "no negotiations." Rearmament of West Germany and Japan could be pressed forward without the distraction of talks with Russia. So, when the Russians' new approach made it clear that they were ready to confer with the West without any preliminary conditions, even without a prior Five-Power meeting, the State Department's first comment showed confusion. It mentioned "the uncompromising nature of Soviet policy" and in the same paragraph said that the Note "represents a tactical retreat." In short, the Russians had made concessions out of sheer cussedness.

Washington intends leaving the answer to Moscow for decision in Bermuda. U.S. diplomatic officials say the American attitude will depend on Europe's reaction. It is admitted here that the attitude of European countries is far from uniform, and that while a big segment of French opinion welcomes the proposed meeting with the Russians as a means of delaying if not averting German rearmament, Chancellor Adenauer dislikes the prospect for exactly the same reason. Hence, as seen from here, Britain's position gains heightened importance. If he were to revert to his original advocacy of free-ranging discussions with Soviet leaders, Sir Winston might even win the day.

As for France, ever since Secretary Charles Wilson a few weeks ago suggested future reduction of American military strength in Europe, the French have been showing increasing restiveness—despite a shower of Washington denials. In fact, the denials were flimsy. President Eisenhower told a news conference that his Administration has no intention of withdrawing American "combat effectives" from Europe in the foreseeable future. This left open the eventual recall of supporting troops like engineers, communications units and others. Similar pronouncements by Dulles and Wilson failed to offer any assurance against removal of some U.S. forces from Europe as the new German army takes up the slack.

At Bermuda, M. Laniel is expected to want further clarification of this theme. If President Eisenhower gives him the answer prepared in Washington, it will fail utterly to reassure the French. In fact, Laniel ought to know the last word lies with Congress, not with the President. The legislature can grant or withhold money needed to maintain American troops abroad. No presidential guarantee to France can usurp this legislative prerogative; and Mr. Eisenhower has no intention of pledging the maintenance in Europe of America's present military strength. He is ready to repeat his vague remark that there's no intention to pull U.S. troops out of Europe. But his emphasis will be on the argument that America's membership in the Atlantic alliance is worth more than a promise not to recall a couple of divisions from Europe. America's commitment to Nato, he will insist, is the real pledge of security to France—a line of argument with which French diplomats in Washington have already intimated dissatisfaction. Membership in Nato, they say, leaves the Americans free to keep troops in Europe or to disengage them. It allows the U.S.—if war comes—to put its main effort into strategic bombing while European footsloggers wade through blood. It permits the Americans at some future date to leave the French almost alone on the Continent to face a remilitarised, dominant Germany.

The U.S. Government continues to speak optimistically of France's ratification of the European Army. A dose of naiveté is needed, though, to swallow the State and Defence Departments' assurances that they've never contemplated any alternative to E.D.C. In fact they have discussed three other measures—West Germany's direct inclusion in the Atlantic pact; a bilateral U.S.-German peace treaty; and the "peripheral" strategy of using Britain, Spain, North Africa and Turkey as the jumping off places for liberating occupied Europe.

The President and his personal advisers are opposed to two of these methods. A bilateral American settlement with Bonn, they say, would immeasurably worsen U.S. and German relations with France and wreck Western unity. Without France, the base for defending Western Europe would be limited to West Germany and the Low Countries—too narrow a glacis.

As for the "peripheral solution," it would make no provision for a rearmed Germany, pivot of American policy. Atomic and hydrogen bombs have changed thinking about invasions since the great armada was assembled opposite Normandy in June, 1944. Vast fleets strung along the rim of Europe nowadays would be sitting ducks for the new weapons. Hence, of the three possible alternatives to E.D.C., the U.S. definitely prefers the German Republic's entry into Nato. Since France can veto that, however, it remains academic. This, then, is the situation prompting Dulles to insist that the U.S. contemplates no solution other than E.D.C. and is confident of its adoption.

Suppose, however, Washington's hope goes down the drain and France fails to ratify the treaty. What then? For some time American and German officials have been quietly discussing the eventuality of putting the peace contract with Germany into effect before, or without, E.D.C. At present, the contractual agreements with Germany stipulate that they shall come into force only after ratification of E.D.C. Redrafting might take care of that. German diplomats are privately saying that if E.D.C. doesn't become operative some time next year, Adenauer will demand that the peace contract be implemented anyway. France would firmly oppose this? By then, the Eisenhower Administration may conclude it must choose between indefinite renunciation of German rearmament or going ahead without France.

If France is anxious about America's inclination, say in two or three years, to cut its armed strength in Europe, the U.S. Government is equally disturbed concerning France's "vacillation" on Indo-China. Washington has noted with repressed anger that even Laniel in recent public statements left open the prospect of a negotiated settlement with the Viet Minh, including withdrawal of French troops from Indo-Chinese soil. U.S. officials were quick to remind the French that America this year is contributing some $800 million to waging the war in Indo-China. One of President Eisenhower's closest advisers told this correspondent that, if the French were unilaterally to withdraw from Indo-China, the United States will review its entire relations with France. What that means is clear to anyone following the growing U.S. official preference for the German, as against the French, alliance.

Then there is Korea. How to get the political conference started? The Allies and the Communists are still far apart concerning the conference's composition, though it is thought in Washington that there is a real chance of India's and perhaps of other Asian neutrals' participation on a non-voting basis. But what's to be done about Russia's insistence on being admitted as a neutral rather than as a partner of the Communist belligerents? And what's to happen if the conference fails to meet? Churchill and Laniel may seek firmer guarantees against being dragged into renewed hostilities to gratify Syngman Rhee.

If the conference meets, a tentative plan has been contrived here as a common platform for the United Nations. Its highlights are: (1) Free all-Korean elections; (2) Creation of one government for a unified Korea; (3) A single project for rebuilding ruined North and South Korea; (4) Reciprocal "hands-off Korea" pledges by Korea's Communist neighbours and the United Nations; (5) A graduated withdrawal of foreign troops from Korea, perhaps over three to five years. An Allied diplomat here remarked that this scheme, among other advantages, offers the Koreans the right to mismanage their own affairs. The plan's authors know, however, that, short of defeat in a future war, the Communist bloc would refuse an arrangement transforming all Korea into an American protectorate.

Homes for the Two Nations

REFORM of our complex system of Rent Acts can be justified by three arguments. The first is that rent restriction has laid unfair burdens on one type of investor; the second is that the present pattern of rents is full of anomalies and offers all sorts of obstacles to a rational and economic housing policy; and the last is that the present level of rents is insufficient to prevent a steady deterioration in our national stock of houses. Despite the pressure of property owners, Mr. Macmillan has had to reject the demand for increased profit as politically impossible, and has thereby dodged that question. Because Mr. Macmillan, again for political reasons, could not go so far as to reintroduce a "free market" in rents, or—as a Socialist would—radically revise the rent structure in conjunction with widespread public ownership of good and bad houses, he has fallen back on an interim compromise, which deals with old anomalies by creating new ones. He has, therefore, had to ask that his Bill be judged by only one criterion: Will it enable landlords to finance essential repairs?

The Labour Party has rightly given a negative answer to this question. Once one accepts the principle of some increase in rents, provided it is linked to repairs, one is still obliged to oppose the Bill on the grounds that it will not do what it claims to do, that its provisions are in part unjust and in part ill-considered, and that, set in

the general context of Tory housing policy, it will tend to divide our stock of houses into two main classes—profitable property, in the hands of private landlords, and dilapidated or slum housing, pushed into the reluctant care of the ratepayers.

When Mr. Macmillan chose the scheme proposed by the Chartered Surveyors, he purchased simplicity at the price of effectiveness. In the first place, it is based on the hotch-potch of rating valuations, and it will thus bear very differently on broadly similar properties. I take two actual houses and a flat as examples, each of them rented at one pound a week, but having different "statutory deductions"—the gap between net and gross valuation. One house may have its rent raised by £14 per year; the other may not have it raised at all, even if the landlord does repairs. The rent of the flat, however, could be increased by a maximum of £20 a year.

The next, and most important weakness in this scheme is that it offers much verbal encouragement but little practical incentive to repair the houses that need it most. Much of the property that is rent-restricted is the oldest and of the lowest value. Of the total of 7¼ million houses rented from private landlords, 2¼ million are over a century old, and another 2¼ million are more than sixty-five years old. These figures include much that is slum or even condemned property. Though the fifteen-year halt in slum clearance has left us without proper statistics, some idea of the scope of sheer dereliction can be secured from individual totals of *condemned* houses—in Sheffield, 19,000; in Manchester, 68,000; and in Leeds, 20,000. In Salford it is one house in four. Such houses will certainly receive no voluntary attention from their private owners, and will be taken over by local Councils only if the cost of bringing them up to "good repair" or even "habitation fitness" is within reason.

Of the rent-restricted houses, moreover, more than two million have a "statutory deduction" of £4 or less: this means that the upper limit on any rent increase is £8 per year. How much margin does this offer even the conscientious landlord, let alone the neglectful or speculative owner? Before the landlord can claim such modest increases—and, to judge from such statistics of rents and ownership as we have, the average permitted increase is unlikely to be much above £8 per year—he has to invest the money in repairs. Supposing, however, that the house is already mortgaged, or that the property demands, as many houses will, a much greater investment than the landlord can hope to recover? Will he then be able or willing to raise the required capital? Over a period of twenty years he will not be able to recoup his capital if he spends more than £100, by the time he has met interest charges. In a twenty-year period, moreover, he will probably have to spend more on repairs and maintenance than he has done in the last twenty years if the house is to be kept in a "good state of repair." Once this increase has been granted, he will have to find the cost of future repairs from the new controlled rent.

It might be argued from these figures that the permitted increases are not generous enough, as property owners are indeed insisting. If the only way to get repairs done is by monetary incentive to landlords, this would no doubt be true. Mr. Macmillan, however, cannot go that far for political reasons. The question is whether or not he is going to get the repairs done without accepting much more of the landlord's case. It seems unlikely that he is. He has simply made things a little easier for the good landlords of the better properties. Nothing will be done for the houses that stand in most need of repair.

This raises the matter of enforcement, on which, alone, the scheme may easily break down. It is just as feasible—and much more desirable—to place the onus of proof of repairs on the landlord, as to ask the tenant to challenge increased rents in the County Court. In 1945, the Ridley Committee carefully considered this problem, and it unanimously proposed that Rent Tribunals were the proper agency for dealing with all variations in controlled rents. (This, incidentally, was Labour's own policy before the war.) There are good technical as well as social reasons for giving special tribunals this jurisdiction. This year, moreover, the General Council of Sanitary Inspectors urged Mr. Macmillan to require landlords to obtain a certificate of good repair before claiming a rent increase. Its advice was rejected.

Enforcement will raise other problems. There are just not enough sanitary inspectors or other qualified staff to do the job that Mr. Macmillan is imposing on local authorities. Even if trained staffs were available, many of the District Councils could not afford to employ them; a sanitary inspector's salary is the equivalent of a twopenny rate for scores of Rural and Urban Districts. Are these Councils, many of them Tory-dominated, going to spend money and effort on this task?

There are many minor ways in which this Bill can be improved in Committee, if Mr. Macmillan means seriously his promise to consider technical amendments. An extension of the short time-limit in which the tenant can appeal against the increase is one. No such changes, however, can remove the Bill's basic faults. It is designed to make local authorities do the job that lack of profit makes private owners unable or unwilling to tackle. Propaganda phrases about slum clearance cannot conceal the fact that Mr. Macmillan is not even giving them the means to do this properly. The grants to authorities which take over houses and bring them up to fitness standards, for instance, are broadly based upon the Birmingham figures, and are quite inadequate.

I said at the outset that this Bill must be looked at in its general context. If, as the Government concedes, the sum of men and materials for building is to remain more or less constant, either repairs must be done at the cost of new construction or they cannot be done. If Mr. Macmillan believed that repairs would be done on a large scale, and that local Councils would really begin to make inroads into slum areas, then it would be logical to impose fairly stringent controls on new building, and priorities for repairs. Yet, on Monday, more controls were removed from private builders. We cannot have new factories, schools, large-scale repairs, slum clearance—*and* 300,000 houses and luxury construction. It is a matter of arithmetic. The ultimate purpose of this new policy is to push local authorities back where the Tories think they belong, to housing the very poorest and least profitable tenants. The skilled worker is to be forced, where possible, to buy his house or at least take it at an "economic rent" from a private builder. That is why the housing programme of many local authorities is now being cut back in order to allow "housing for general needs," as *Operation Rescue* put it, to be "increasingly undertaken by private enterprise." This new Bill is part of the overall Tory housing policy, which is seeking to skim the cream off the housing market for the private landlord and the finance company, and to leave the expensive and unprofitable relics of a century of exploitation to the ratepayer and the taxpayer. To that, whatever technical amendments Labour may offer to improve this Bill, there can only be one long-term Socialist answer—a complete revision of the rent structure based upon large-scale social ownership.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

THE Commons gasped on Monday when Oliver Lyttelton announced the overthrow and banishment of another Colonial ruler. Coming so soon on top of the British Guiana crisis (where the weakness of the Government's case is emphasised by the refusal to bring to trial the alleged fire-raisers), and inevitably linked in people's minds with the appalling state of affairs revealed last week in Kenya, it has increased an already intense anxiety, not only in the Labour Party, about our worsening Colonial relations. Lyttelton's failure at the Colonial Office will not be retrieved by a single Parliamentary *tour-de-force*, however effective "on the night." His qualifications for the post in the first place seem to have been no more than that he was Alfred Lyttelton's son, and that having failed in his ambition to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, he had to be put as far as possible from Mr. Butler. It was, indeed, one of Sir Winston's most cynically irresponsible appointments. Lyttelton has considerable talents and, believe it or not, great personal charm towards those (not very many) he considers his equals. But the whole time he has been at the Colonial Office he has shown that, however good or bad his intentions—and it would be absurd to suppose that they have always been bad, he totally fails to comprehend the problems of race and "liberation" which confront him. During his period, the nationalism and anti-imperialism which inevitably fire the blood of every Colonial citizen have become more than ever equated with a sterile hatred of everything British. That is the difference between today and two years ago. The avowed change of policy is not great. The change in atmosphere is beyond reckoning.

* * *

I was glad that Colonel George Wigg used the authority, unique on the Labour benches, of his twenty-seven years' service in the Regular Army to pay a tribute to General Erskine during the Commons discussion of the Griffiths trial. Erskine's directive to the Army, issued on his arrival in Kenya and before the Griffiths affair had come to light—"I order that every officer in the police and the Army should stamp at once on any conduct which he would be ashamed to see used against his own people"—seems to me to express what most of us would wish to say about this sorry business. I can testify from personal experience that Erskine is a strong, sensible and, as far as his profession permits it, humane soldier. If he is determined, as I am sure he is, to stamp out the revolting practices of the White Mau Mau, he will do so at whatever cost.

* * *

In seeking to carpet that excellent journalist, J. P. W. Mallalieu, for an article he recently wrote in *Tribune*, the Labour Party leaders were setting foot on a very dangerous course. Any man—journalist, Q.C. or General Secretary of a trade union—accepts certain restraints and disciplines by joining a political party. But the conformity of vote which is naturally demanded, and the limits which can properly be imposed upon attacks on Party colleagues are one thing. Quite different is the use of caucus discipline to silence unpopular criticism. I have read the article in question. It is concerned with "the substantial difference of view on policy between the Constituency Parties and a majority of Labour M.P.s." Its manner is satirical and, as one would expect from Mallalieu, bantering rather than angry. Its matter is serious and, I should have said, legitimately controversial. The fact is, of course, that the Parliamentary leader-

ship of the Party has been stung to fury by the attention that the Bevanites have focused on the disparity between Party feeling in the country and what seems to pass in private rooms at the Palace of Westminster. But attempts to use the machinery of administrative discipline to stifle reasonable criticism almost always look silly; and, when used against a journalist of Mallalieu's repute, for his professional writing, suggest a dangerous intolerance towards the press. It says a great deal for the common sense of the Party that, after a formal rebuke by Mr. Attlee and a statement from Mallalieu, which did not apologise, the matter was dismissed without a vote.

* * *

Jack Tanner, inevitably in the news this week as President of the A.E.U., made news of a different sort the other day when, as President of the T.U.C., he spoke to the Commonwealth Correspondents' Association in London. Referring to the action of the Pakistan Government, reported in this journal last week, against *Dawn* and its evening counterpart the *Evening Star*, he urged all who cared for the freedom of the press to protest, and added that, if the Pakistan Government did not like criticism, they should close down all newspapers. It is depressing to hear at almost the same time of a further political assault on a Pakistan newspaper. This time the editor of *Vatan* has been invited to deposit a security of £300—though no reason seems to have been publicly stated. I am glad to know that the Pakistan Federal Union of Journalists does not take all this lying down. It recently resolved that proper provisions to ensure the freedom of the press must be incorporated in the future Constitution. All British journalists will agree.

* * *

So the astonishing editorial record of the three Cudlipp brothers (*Herald*, *Mirror* and *News of the World*) is broken after only ten days. Percy Cudlipp's resignation from the *Herald* has been forecast time and again by those who have tried to imagine the difficulties of editing a popular daily paper under the general editorial direction of the T.U.C. Horse. Now it has happened, however, I believe the grounds to be entirely different. According to the Fleet Street grape-vine, Cudlipp had been trying over a period to persuade the Odhams half of his Board of Directors to provide more finance to improve the content of the *Herald*, which has now fallen far behind the leaders in the circulation race. Recently, the tale goes, he had adopted the practice of reinforcing his suggestions with the threat of resignation; and this time the Directors have taken him at his word. His successor, Mr. Sydney Eliot, formerly political adviser to the *Mirror* group, and, before that, an admirable editor of *Reynolds News*, moves into the editorial chair from the management of the *Herald*. His appointment means that the appearance and promotion of the *Herald* are sure to be jazzed up—indeed, some difference can be seen already. But unless that is accompanied by more pungent political controversy and a better coverage of news it may prove a short-lived stimulant.

* * *

That turbulent priest, Ernest Barnes, of whom the whole Bench of Bishops failed to rid itself by bell, book or candle, was a far greater force than a new generation might gather from his obituaries. Long before Ramsay Macdonald appointed him to the See of Birmingham, he was the centre of ecclesiastical controversy. From a baptist home in the Midlands he became a Fellow of Trinity in pure mathematics. In the stormy days of the struggle between science and religion, he became in his own right a Fellow of the Royal Society and took Holy Orders—thus causing equal embarrassment to the theologians and the scientists. As a theologian, he could maintain that "the universe was expressly created with the primary object of producing beings in whom mind shall lead to spiritual excellence"; while, as a scientist, he disputed the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection of the Body and the miracles. At various times he advocated birth control, abortion and mercy killing. He was a pacifist in the 1914-18 war and, to the end of his life, was not afraid to denounce war preparations and the atom bomb. It is perhaps not surprising that the present Archbishop of Canterbury was moved to say of him recently, "if his views were mine, I could not hold episcopal office in the Church."

* * *

How busily the informers run, as we all know, to the police with stories of the most innocent diggings and buryings. Take the man with the dog at Petts Wood, Kent. Four weeks after the disappearance of Mr. and Mrs. John Harries, of Llanginning, on October 16, the man with the dog saw the Warden of the National Trust property at Petts Wood digging in the dusk under the trees. He watched. The Warden dragged some bulky objects into the hole and hurriedly shovelled the earth back on to them. It was enough. Petts Wood is far from Carmarthenshire, but was there not a report that Farmer Harries and his wife might have gone to London for a holiday? In due course the policemen dug up the baulks of timber that the innocent Warden had buried for drainage. They went away, leaving their mounds of earth and the timber lying about. But the Warden was far from gruntled to find that the villagers had then pinched all the timber. "And not a word to me by the police or anybody," said the Warden. Naturally, you don't always tell a man when you are digging up his ground for bodies. But surely you put the mould back when you find that it's all a mistake, and pat the place a bit with your spade?

FLAVUS

NOT GUILTY

Africans are unable to appreciate the legal technicalities which appear to have determined the Court Martial's verdict.—Report in *Sunday Times*.

A Captain shoots two unarmed Kikuyu,
Brings down both Mau Mau suspects on the run;
Preventing their escape, he punctures two,
Then puts a bullet through the head of one:
Therefore he stands arraigned for murder done.

Law must by drastic measures be maintained,
And massacre of Mau Mau justified,
But private marksmanship must be restrained,
And even army officers be tried:
The Court no mercy shows to homicide.

Inexorable justice none may flout,
Alike before the law are Black and White,
But there must be no reasonable doubt,
The proof must be as plain as noonday light
That justice may be done in all men's sight.

Deceased must be identified on oath,
And was he What's-his-Name or So-and-So?
Accused admittedly has wounded both,
But was one killed? And which? The Court must know—
The prosecution final proof must show.

The shooting may be proved up to the hilt,
But was deceased despatched by the accused?
The Court declares the White man free of guilt.
The Black, to legal niceties unused,
Remains by learned arguments confused.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"It is immoral for a man to take a bundle of wood home that does not belong to him," she said. "If we could put that sort of thing right we should have something to base our sex standards on."—From speech reported in *Windsor, Slough & Eton Express*. (M. George.)

Belgravia. Fine period house. Magnificent drawing-room. . . . Suit those wishing to create big impression with little money; great possibilities for discreet, genteel sub-letting.—Advert. in *Observer*. (Ward Hopkin.)

"It's amazing what wearing a diamond in my nose has done for me. It seems to fascinate men. In the seven weeks since I first went for a diamond-in-the-nose fitting I've had four proposals of marriage."—Interview in *Reveille*. (Mrs. Watkins.)

We are publishing two versions of our new No. 1 hit song "Answer Me, O Lord" (not passed for B.B.C. broadcasts) "Answer Me, My Love" (available for broadcasting).—Ad. in *Stage*. (K. Russell.)

Soviet Germany

[Mr. Emrys Hughes, M.P., recently spent four weeks travelling, without restrictions, in the Eastern Zone of Germany. He speaks both German and Russian.]

It is rather difficult to think of Weimar being hidden behind an Iron Curtain and occupied by the Russians. But there they are. I found a couple of them being shown round Goethe's house. Goethe's place in history and literature was being explained to them in great detail by a typically thorough German guide, who was determined they should miss nothing. One was conscientiously taking notes, but the other had been worn down. I asked this one, in Russian, how he liked being in Weimar, and he shrugged his shoulders wearily and answered, "*Nichevo*." He was neither keen on Goethe nor enthusiastic about being in Germany.

Goethe's house was half destroyed by an American air attack in February, 1945, and so was the church, whose organ was played by Bach. Many other historic buildings suffered too. They have nearly all been rebuilt; and the famous house, with Goethe's library and his pictures and the other relics, which had been hidden away in the Castle vaults, has been restored, and everything is back in its place. Apart from two quotations from Goethe and Schiller on the horrors of war, which hung on the wall at the entrance, there was no sign that propaganda had permeated here—though the German Communists maintain that Goethe and Schiller inspired Karl Marx. In the evening, the church was lit up, and I heard the strains of music from the old organ. It was an unusually small congregation, I was told. So the traditional life of Weimar goes on.

Leipzig was badly bombed; everywhere one sees the gaps in the streets where the buildings have been cleared away. There is much rebuilding in Leipzig; but big areas of burned out ruins and rubble remain, though the devastation is not so awesome and spectacular as in the area round the Reichstag in Berlin. In Leipzig, on my arrival, the streets were crowded with people already busy with their Christmas shopping. Whatever might have been the state of affairs before June 17, there was no sign of scarcity in the big stores. The shops were full of food and consumption goods, though the cynics prophesied that these would soon disappear again. There seemed to be a special rush on radio sets, musical instruments and gramophone records, whose prices had been

cut as part of the new Government plan. It would be a mistake, of course, to forget that, behind all this, an army of people—old age pensioners, lower-paid workers, those with the lower-scale ration cards—have to dress shabbily and eat meagrely in order to live at all, and who are on the barest subsistence level. But Leipzig did not give me the impression of a famine-stricken city where the wholesale distribution of food parcels is required.

I went to visit one of the printing and book-binding works which has been nationalised. Its former owners, I was informed, had been active and prominent supporters of Hitler, and some of the printing of the Nazi Party had been done here. Whether owners had been active Nazis seems to have been the test of whether or not their businesses should be nationalised. Today, 40 per cent. of the book-producing industry of Leipzig appears to be still privately owned. The works I visited formerly belonged to a firm with a name well known for the quality of its work; and many of the printers had just carried on under the new management. There was no sign that the superb craftsmanship had deteriorated. They were still turning out beautiful books, and were fulfilling contracts for Western Germany and for foreign countries, including Bibles and religious books for the Evangelical Church.

Part of the premises and much of their machinery and type had been destroyed in the worst raids; and an old printer related to me with tears in his eyes how some of the oldest type, including Arabic, Hebrew and Old Chinese, had been found in a mass of molten lead. It was all gathered together and built up again. Now two rooms, in which there were about a dozen monotypes and linotypes, were at work. The colour-printing was superb; they were turning out everything from catalogues to reproductions of the old masters. One interesting thing I was told was that they had paid reparations to Russia by printing children's books and textbooks. The type had been set in Leipzig, but the matrices had been sent to the U.S.S.R. That was now ended, and they looked forward to an expanding business.

I went next to visit a nationalised textile factory, two-thirds of which had been destroyed. It was going again with new machinery. Their problem was how to get enough real wool; and they had to mix what they had with fibre manufactured from wood pulp. This lack of raw material, the manager impressed on me, was one of the consequences of the division of Germany into East and West. For economic recovery, a united Germany was absolutely essential. Bad clothes was the price they were paying for the economic lunacy of a divided national structure. But even with all the handicaps and difficulties, the recovery and achievements were impressive. The German capacity for work, organisation, steady plodding enterprise and initiative, the thinking out of new ways of production, the knowledge and understanding of the machine, were as obvious in the factories I saw at Leipzig as in those I had seen in the Ruhr. You cannot divide the German genius and skill by an artificial political and ideological East-West frontier.

But it was at Dresden that I saw the greatest example of patience and the will to live, to reconstruct and overcome difficulties and to emerge from the destruction and aftermath of war. Even today, more than eight years after the most devastating bombing raid of the whole war, Dresden remains a horror mitigated only by an inspired determination to rebuild this once beautiful city. I went to see the architects in charge of the rebuilding. They gave me in cold official statistics what had happened to Dresden as a result of the bombing of the city on the two days of February 13 and 14, 1945. From the ruins, 35,000 bodies had been recovered; 80,000 dwellings had been completely destroyed; 75,000 heavily damaged; 7,000 dwellings partially destroyed; 40 hospitals and private clinics completely destroyed and four heavily damaged. I drove through miles of ruins, the shells of churches, art galleries, famous buildings, which were once the admiration of Europe. The total casualty list will never be known; they are still recovering bodies from the rubble. (The lowest estimate I could obtain of the number who perished was 100,000.) But they have cleared up many of the sites, patiently, methodically piling up the bricks that can be used to rebuild again. It took them five years before they could clear the streets and salvage the public services. The Town Hall has now been restored and I saw impressive new blocks of flats going up.

A few miles out of Dresden is Meissen, famous throughout the world as the place which for over two hundred years has produced exquisite china. There was no bomb damage at Meissen, although one of the buildings was slightly damaged by gun fire. The treasures from the Museum were hidden away in the Castle vaults, and they were returned after the war. Today, Dresden china is one of the most valuable of East Germany's exports. Much of it, I was told, goes to America but comparatively little nowadays to Britain. The factory has been for over a century State-owned, since the hard-up Duke sold it to the Government. The artists who paint and design the china from Meissen are among the highest paid craftsmen in East Germany; and among the apprentices are several women who get equal pay with the men. Many of the workers here are very old. Wars and revolutions may come and go; they are concerned with turning out china. Ideologies and controversies do not seem to perturb them.

At Eissenfels, I visited a big new boot factory. I had heard universal criticism of the quality of the boots and shoes that are being supplied to the people in East Germany, and complaints, too, about high prices. The factory management knew all about this, for there are frequent acid criticisms about the price and quality of footwear in the press. I noticed a big poster which read: "Bad work is sabotage of the economy." The reason for the poor quality of boots and shoes, said the production manager, was due to the shortage of good leather, and the fact that pig-skin had to be used as a substitute. Much of their raw material had formerly come from West Germany. Now, as in the case of the raw wool for the Leipzig mill, it was difficult to get. The shop stewards elaborated this explanation into an argument for a united Germany, with no division between East and West creating artificial economic problems. Bad shoes were the result, not of Communism or Socialism or bad workmanship, but of a crazy partitioned economy.

East Germany is short of steel. At Reisa, I went round a big works which was melting down scrap and moulding it into iron sheets and bars. During the war it had been producing munitions; and when the Russians came in in 1945, they proceeded to dismantle it. Then they gave it back to the Germans, who began to build it up again. I talked to old workers who had helped to build it, had worked on the dismantlement under Russian direction, and were now on the job of reconstruction. (I had met German workers in the Ruhr who had spent years of their lives doing the same thing.) Nobody could deny that a good job was being done at Reisa. Under the new Government policy, extensions planned at the Reisa works are not going ahead; capital investment on heavy industry is being cut in the interests of consumption goods. Today, the works, which could presumably be turned over to the manufacture of war materials, are turning out steel tubing and iron pipes all badly needed in the building up of a peace economy. At the entrance of the works I saw the slogan: "Our Steel is for Peace, not War."

I met another example of what German industry can achieve at Stalinstadt, once Furstenwald, built around a steel works which was virgin forest in 1951. We all know about Stalin Allee, but the building of Stalinstadt has gone on unnoticed. I was the first British visitor they had seen there. It is to house a population of 30,000. There is an army of 8,000 building workers on the job, and 35 huge blocks of apartments are already completed. The shops were already open and good progress is being made on the new town, which is to have new schools, a hospital and all kinds of other public buildings. Here is a striking example of what a Socialist Germany could do. "Was it really necessary to call it Stalinstadt?" I asked the architect. "Why not?" he retorted; then, mixing his metaphors: "Though I know that, in the West, Stalin's name is like red tape to a bull."

Everybody I talked to in East Germany wants to see the Reich united again, all the Occupation armies withdrawn, and Germans left to rebuild "one Germany." I have seen what Germans can do, both in the West and in the East. Are they going to be allowed to build for peace or for war? My mind goes back to the night I sat in the rebuilt State Theatre in Dresden—stark and austere in its simplicity. It was crowded out for this performance; three Russian soldiers were sitting in the row in front of me. The play was Shaw's *Saint Joan*. A very young actress played the part of Joan with great understanding and feeling. It was a tense and moving scene in which Joan, after the long trial before the Inquisition, was sent to the flames for the good of her soul. This tragic city, too, had been through the ordeal of fire. Dresden was a city of artists. In their plan for rebuilding it, art and drama have not been forgotten.

EMRYS HUGHES

Red Herring

THE damnable thing about politics these days is that you don't seem able to keep them out. They intrude into the best regulated and respectable of communities—even into the fish-bound affairs of Lowestoft. On the face of it, as you stroll into the sharp sea breeze and the brisk smell of fish along the quays where drifters unload last night's catch, there is absolutely no reason why this tremendously self-preoccupied town should be bothered with any politics except the politics of piscatory peculiarity and the wickedness of fishermen in Iceland. For all the face of it, however, Lowestoft hovers at the very front line of the Cold War. Its "recce" sections, what is more, have already passed through the foggy dew of no-man's-land, and made their contact with . . . But wait a moment.

On the face of it, as I say, all is as it should be. Though the herring are lazy this season, Lowestoft quay glitters with excitement from eight o'clock onwards, when the sales begin. In sunlight the long wide quays are silver-gleaming, running off into fine curved lines where the newer drifters butt gently against the quayside and the long derricks swing and the baskets of herring come up glittering from below deck, and slide to ground. There's a wealth of bustling confident humanity about the place: large gentlemen of uncertain occupation with nautical stomachs and oddly

incongruous felt hats, quayside workers in long white rubber boots and oilskin aprons, drifter crews with the slow commanding look of the sea, a buyer in bright yellow clogs, a young person sketching for the Sixth Form prize, a hairy artist making notes, a journalist getting in the way . . . And bustle, bustle, bustle—as who should say "What the devil has anything to do with us but catching fish and landing fish and sending fish to markets anywhere you want?"

Later, in the day, the girls from Scotland are saying farewell to the Scottish boats. "They're away home, they've had enough . . . What a poor season . . ." One or two, though, are going down to the French coast to try their luck—and there, in the English Channel, the international politics of fish are certainly to the fore. Though nobody on land may know it, the English Channel shelters at the moment an "international situation" which far outreaches all your Four-Power Talks and Bermuda Conferences and other pale reflections of reality. In the English Channel at this moment the echo-sounders are reporting wide deep shoals of fish: the French and the Belgians and the Dutch and the Germans and the Poles, and one English trawler, are down there, dragging the bottom, and now the drifters are having a go. Even the Russians are there. In from the English Channel this afternoon, the mate of a drifter blasts royally against a German trawler which anchored in the fishing grounds last night and caused him to lose £200's worth of driftnets fouled on the anchor cable. "You can hoot and shine your warning light, and shout and scream and bellow your head off. Budge? They won't so much as wink . . ." *That's* fishing politics—and a fighting issue.

And so it is, all along the line. The Chief Inspector of Fisheries is down for a conference to examine the reasons why British crews trawl in the English Channel so much less successfully than German or Dutch crews—all the odder, when you come to think of it, seeing that British trawler firms have a large proprietary interest in German trawler firms. At the other end of the hotel, closeted close, the curers are arguing out some desperate issue. Voices from up and down the East coast of these islands mingle in the bar. Tucked away in the lounge there is a lady whose knitting matches the speed of a machine: "Well, I ought to be able to knit," she says modestly; "after all, I come from the Shetlands." Next door there is Mr. George Atkinson, great doyen of the fishing industry, and fancier of Staffordshire dogs, who is recalling what is right and what is wrong with the Iceland fishery . . .

Nothing to do with the Cold War in all this, clear enough. The Russians and the Poles, it seems, have good fishing manners: off the Shetlands this summer, British crews exchanged amiable visits with them. They have their own ways of catching fish, but that's their business after all. And yet the fact remains—Lowestoft is the scene of grim subversion. Mr. Cohn and Mr. Schine ought to have looked in here.

Already the Russians, Czechs and others beyond the pale are buying quantities of herring. Many people had forgotten that the Russian market for herring, before 1914, was the biggest the British had outside these islands: now they are remembering it again. This is the third year of a contract between Russia and the Herring Industry Board for the annual delivery of upwards of a million pounds' worth of fish, in exchange for coal and salmon. The Russians, it seems, can buy more herring than the British can deliver: no doubt a tempting state of affairs for an industry which still remembers the idle quays of the hungry Thirties.

But there is more, and worse. For many years the Russians have used big trawlers, which are fitted not only for long voyages but also for processing by-products: in the past they have bought such trawlers in Germany and Scandinavia. Now they want to buy them here. Early this year Moscow placed in Aberdeen and Lowestoft an order for £8 millions' worth of these "fish factory" trawlers. This order apparently came to nothing, because the Board of Trade—listening to its Senatorial voices from beyond another sea—seems to have had strategic objection to the export of trawlers: they might be transformed into minesweepers. There was difficulty over the speed. The Russians wanted their "fish factories" to steam at the normal speed for large trawlers, but the Board of Trade, it was said at the time, held that they ought not to be allowed to travel faster than small near-water drifters. So the orders went elsewhere—according to one report, partly to Denmark.

Nothing daunted, the chairman and managing director and general manager of the Lowestoft firm, Brooke Marine, went off to Moscow in September and returned with another "fish factory" order in their pockets—this time for six or seven years' continuous building worth about ten million pounds altogether. Wickedly enough, the traders and trade unions of Lowestoft were delighted with this. "Although fishing is our basic industry," comments Mr. Edward Evans, the very popular Member for Lowestoft, "it is in the interests of our town to extend our range of activity, and to diversify our industry with an expansion in ship-building and sub-contracting such as this order would give."

The issue has been desperately in the balance. Would this second Russian order go the way of the first—and run against American objections? Local opinion noticed that Brooke Marine had started advertising for skilled personnel, and had bought a piece of land where it is to build a new wet dock costing about £2 millions. But this new dock, others said, was decided upon and designed before the Russian order came along; and it is true that Brooke Marine does occasional work for the Admiralty, which has an M.T.B. base at Lowestoft—partially occupied now, perhaps in lieu of Mr. Cohn and Mr. Schine, by small craft of the United States Navy. Others again advanced the view that Brooke Marine were bound to get the order because their major shareholders included not only the Prudential and the Pearl insurance companies, but also a representative of Firestone Rubber, an American concern. But all and sundry were agreed that the British Government (in the shape of the Board of Trade) would be worse than anyone ever thought it was if it really prevented Lowestoft from getting orders which would otherwise go to rival firms in Western Europe. On November 25, finally, it was announced in the House of Commons that the necessary permits for 30 trawlers for Russia would be granted. Lowestoft—in un-American activity—rejoiced.

Such is the thoroughly subverted state of Lowestoft today. Great Yarmouth is in scarcely better case: only a few weeks ago it agreed to send a thousand tons of herring to Czechoslovakia—and herring, as we know, are simply packed with vitamins and should be properly regarded as a dangerous export. Just think of all those Czechoslovak battalions fortified by the vitamins of Great Yarmouth herring . . . not to speak of fish meal and cod liver oil which British-built "fish factories" will now make available to Russia in ever rising quantity.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Lowestoft, November

Souls or Votes

ON November 13, a deputation of French Cardinals, sent to Rome to discuss the future of the worker-priests, published a communiqué outlining the conditions under which their activities could be continued. On the 17th, this received the formal approval of the Vatican Radio, which commended the communiqué for its "transparency" and the way in which it showed "the unity of the views shared by Rome and the French episcopate." Thus once more the Church has emerged from a grave internal crisis with closed ranks and its monolithicity unimpaired. Yet the crisis—apart from its intrinsic importance—is of particular interest, because it marked one of those rare occasions when the internal difficulties of the Church were allowed to come out into the open. Under the pressure of events and public opinion, the Church was forced to discuss this major policy decision in what seemed—by comparison with its habitual reticence—like a blaze of publicity.

Superficially, the origins of the crisis were entirely political. During the last two years, the movement for the suppression of the worker-priests had been gathering momentum. In May, 1952, two of the priests were arrested for partaking in a Communist demonstration specifically banned by the police. This year, they came into direct conflict with their most dangerous enemy, the Official Catholic Left. In April, eighteen priests attached to the Paris mission signed an article which appeared in *L'Humanité* strongly attacking the leaders of the C.F.T.C., the Catholic trades union organisation. Gaston Tessier, the C.F.T.C. president, retaliated by forcing them to appear before the ecclesiastical court of the Paris diocese. In August, the decision of the Catholic trade unions to abandon the strike led to further criticism and further recriminations. In a bitter article, Father Gabel, editor of *La Croix*, the Catholic daily, wrote: "For the worker-priests, every action of the Right is suspect, every action of the Left permissible." During the early autumn, the chorus of complaints rose to a climax. There was general agreement, among ecclesiastics, politicians and businessmen, that the worker-priests had to be "de-politicised."

There were, however, other considerations. Many ecclesiastics had been hostile to the movement right from the start. In a number of cases, attempts were made to divert the priests to regular parish work. One of their bitterest opponents, the Bishop of Bayeux, in a feud which recalled the jurisdictional squabbles of the 15th century, forced their seminary to move from his diocese. Even favourable prelates were concerned by some aspects of the mission. Although rumours that many of the priests had left the Church to work for the C.P. were grossly exaggerated, this did in fact happen in two cases, and in perhaps a dozen others worker-priests abandoned their vocation and married. As their total strength never numbered more than 100, these defections constituted an alarmingly high proportion. There were also doubts as to the efficacy of the priests' work. In almost every case they proved popular among the workers, but this popularity was rarely reflected in increased attendances at parish churches. On the contrary, in the Paris suburbs the priests were tending to acquire their own congregations, existing outside the framework—and therefore the jurisdiction—of the normal diocesan organisation. Above all, the worker-priests were affecting the morale of the younger clergy. The mission's concrete and practical approach to the problems of religion in an industrialised society constituted an overwhelming attraction to the younger generation of priests. Requests for transfers to the

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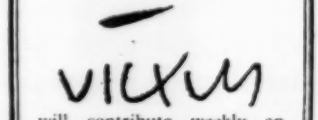

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mission greatly outnumbered vacancies; the great majority had to be turned down, and there was consequent dissatisfaction among many young curates. Complaints from parish priests and from novice-masters at the training-centres flowed into diocesan headquarters. The director of one seminary is said to have exclaimed: "What can I do? All my novices want to go out and become bricklayers!"

Finally, there was Rome. The French hierarchy had gradually decided that changes were required in the movement; but in Rome there were powerful forces who wished to destroy it altogether. The Spanish, German and Italian bishops, having ruthlessly suppressed attempts to form similar organisations at home, formed lobbies in the Vatican to bring pressure on the Pope. The Spanish bishops were particularly incensed when an attempt was made by two French nuns to set up a mission in the Madrid slums and complained bitterly to their representatives in the Vatican. The worker-priests were not the only matter on which Rome and the French Church did not see eye-to-eye. For some years, senior Vatican officials had been concerned by the rise of anti-Ultramontane tendencies in France, and early this summer they decided the time had come for a showdown.

Events moved swiftly to a climax. In August, recruitment of worker-priests was suddenly suspended. The same month, Cardinal Tisserand was sent on a mission to France, with orders to explore opinion among the French clergy and to wind up the movement. Similar instructions were sent to Monsignor Marella, the Papal Nuncio, who was ordered to make use of a report by Cardinal Lienart, the only senior French prelate in favour of total suppression. Early in September, reports appeared in various newspapers that the mission had been definitely closed down. In reality, the struggle was just beginning. The news that the mission was to be abandoned on the orders of Rome aroused a tremendous wave of emotion among French Catholics. From widespread discussion in the Press and radio, there emerged a general feeling that, though some of the criticisms were justified, the principles of the mission were basically sound and that the experiment should be continued. This attitude was shared by the majority of the French hierarchy and at a meeting in October, they let it be known that the mission would be closed down only on the receipt of a direct command from the Pope himself.

A "compromise" has now been reached. At their meeting, the French bishops discussed the drawing up of a Statute which would give the worker-priests a definite organisation and vows, and regularise their relations with the normal Church authorities. This statute was presented to the Vatican authorities by the three Cardinals, during their recent visit, and it is presumably founded on the principles which the Cardinals outlined in their communiqué. The discussions at the Vatican are believed to have been stormy, and only the threat of a serious crisis—perhaps the greatest of the century—forced the Vatican to reverse its early decision to disband the movement entirely. As it is, the fact that the Statute was accepted at all—even with severe modifications—constitutes a victory for progressive forces within the Church.

Nevertheless, the victory is an empty one. The conditions laid down in the communiqué—above all, the crucial clause subjecting the priests to normal episcopal jurisdiction—will effectively kill the spirit of the mission. In addition, the decision to prevent the priests from doing full-time work in factories gives substance to the principal Communist criticism of the movement—recently voiced by André Stil in a novel—that "it's easy enough to be a worker if you've got an escape-route." The worker-priests themselves were appalled by the communiqué, which they claim will destroy the working-class confidence in the Church so laboriously built up over ten years. They also claim—and this is more significant—that the original purpose of the mission has been forgotten. Its founder, Father Godin, regarded it simply as a direct and effective means of halting the spread of paganism among the workers. They argue that the mission can never do this unless a solution is found to the Church's basic dilemma: how to reconcile its primarily spiritual mission with the immense political influence it continues—and is expected—to exert. As a worker-priest said to me: "What does the Church want most—souls, or votes?" Neither the cardinals' communiqué nor the Vatican Radio announcement provides an answer.

PAUL JOHNSON

Dummy Gelignite

IN the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, four young men were charged with conspiracy to overthrow the Government, were acquitted on this charge, found guilty of possessing gelignite with intent to do violence, and sentenced to a year in prison. The jury was treated to forensic dialogue which moved rapidly between drama and farce. Substance and shadow were reversed. What had happened was what had not happened. What had been accepted as reality turned out to be the inverted mirror-image of an idea. The first accused announced that, when he met the second accused, he had been at the top of Ben Nevis in mid-summer with skis on his feet and clad in a bathing costume. On bail for possessing illegal gelignite "with intent," he had been employed by a contractor to look after a store. "And what was in that store?" "Gelignite, sir." An alleged member of the "Scottish Republican Army," he spent two weeks serving Her Majesty as a Z-Reservist.

The plot, which was the essence of the conspiracy charge, concerned a proposition to blow up St. Andrew's House—Edinburgh's Whitehall. The explosives, weapons, and cans of inflammable liquids were produced by the Crown to show how narrowly the building had escaped destruction. The accused claimed that they had never had the slightest intention of blowing up anything, that much of their arsenal had been supplied by the police (a statement which the police corroborated), that the so-called plot was a hoax to expose the methods by which, they said, a police agent had incited them to criminal action. When the story of the hoax was being told, it was soon seen that, if this were a leg-pull, it was a very large leg and was being pulled in many ways at once. The police had fooled the conspirators by giving them gelignite that was dummy. The conspirators had never been conspirators, and had fooled the police through the police agent. Some evidence suggested that, in the coils of conspiracy, the police agent had managed to double-cross himself.

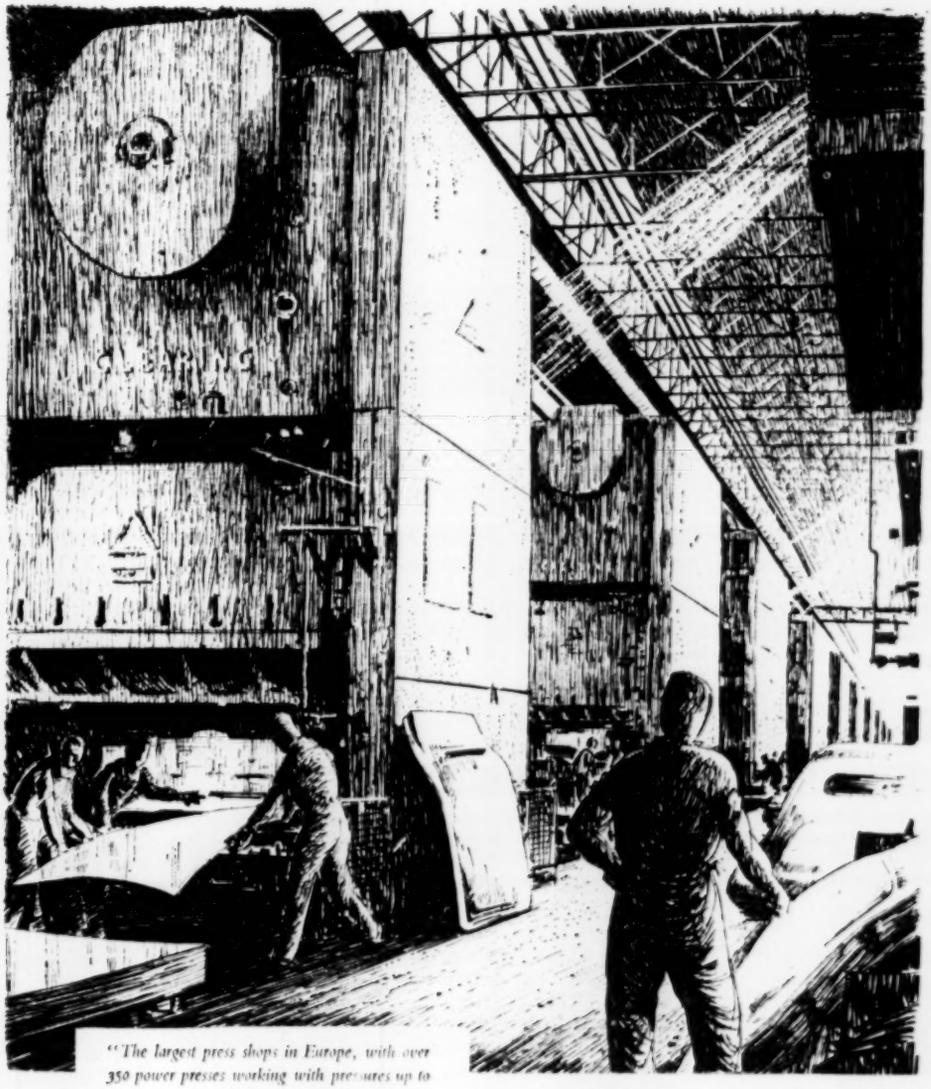
The accused testified that they were members of a political group which seeks full autonomy for Scotland. At open-air meetings, they had become acquainted with a heckler who claimed he was a man with I.R.A. contacts, was able to acquire explosives, and was very keen to use them to further Scottish Republicanism. They knew very early, they claimed, that this man was a police agent. (In court he appeared for the Crown and was described as a special constable.) So they decided that they would elaborate a pseudo-conspiracy, in which they would involve the agent and the police. They would then expose the agent's reprehensible methods. The agent responded to suggestion even better than was expected. He produced, from the police, gelignite, detonators, and fuse. The accused accepted these items with glee amongst themselves, and with proper guile in the presence of the agent. The fuse was genuine; the other items (though the accused in Court claimed they did not know it at the time) were fakes. Because they thought the detonators were highly dangerous, they dropped them in a river.

The plan they elaborated for the benefit (they said) of the agent involved much destruction, including the blowing up of a railway junction. The agent, eager as a trout, continued to respond, and introduced other policemen as fellow-conspirators. Finally, after receiving the police gelignite, the accused, in the promotion of conspiratorial goodwill and realism, acquired two pistols without ammunition, some sticks of real gelignite, and some cans of sump oil. With this provocative armoury, they drove about Edinburgh one night, avowedly intent on blowing up St. Andrew's House. They knew the car they were in was a police car; they knew the driver was a policeman pretending to be a conspirator. They were, as they hoped, arrested. The charge of conspiracy followed.

Amongst the many things the trial showed, once the story had been told to a somewhat incredulous Court, was the fact that, whatever false explosive the police had supplied, they had given real fuse; and it was for possessing this, as well as the real gelignite—acquired without police assistance—that the four young men were sentenced. The question of provocation and police methods was given a great deal of attention; but when the story of the hoax was being related, the Prosecutor asked, with understandable anguish, what on earth it was all about. With an eye on the real gelignite, the real pistols, the drums of real oil, and with faith in the serious testimony of the police that this was a desperate conspiracy, he said: "What were you trying to do if this was a hoax?"

So elaborate an exposure of police methods might well go agley, even if one accepts the story of the hoax at its face value; and the trial would have been simplified if the accused had lodged in advance with some respectable person a declaration of their intentions. But they had not acted as "good citizens"; they were "political patriots." One of them said that what they had done would show that St. Andrew's House *could* be blown up; and, he added, it might yet be. If, as the accused claimed, they were not conspirators (and the jury absolved them on this) they had an obvious appreciation of dark political gestures and the oblique glory of the persecuted. Once in the witness box, they took articulate pride in being there, in presenting "their case" to the "people of Scotland." They summoned, as silent witnesses, the wrongs and injustices suffered by their country. The public who attended were thus given whiffs of a strange subfusc nationalism. One of the witnesses had great difficulty in saying the word "English" without appearing to spit. At times, the accused—two of whom were students—had the attitude of youthful heroes hopeful of a martyrdom mild enough not to interfere too seriously with their professional studies.

Why did the Prosecution bring the charge of conspiring to overthrow the Government? One must assume the Crown believed that young men, not otherwise criminal, might consider large-scale violence to be appropriate political action. Here one enters a world of emotions which defies easy analysis. This year a pillar-



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box, bearing an E II R cipher, was destroyed by explosive in Edinburgh; and during the course of the trial two attempts were made to blow up pylons carrying high-tension cables between Scotland and England. One cannot live more than a few weeks North of the Border without coming across Scots, few but vociferous, some genuine and patriotic visionaries, some plain "daffies," who would like to believe themselves capable of violent deeds of derring-do made heroic by the patriotic sanction. To the Scots these people are a troublous political fringe; to the English (and especially to the Home Office), they are the most obvious manifestation of Scottishness—a fantasmagoria of Republicans ready to leap, fully armed, from the heather. Otherwise, South of the Border, there is apathy towards every Scottish problem.

This is very distressing to the Covenanters, Scottish Socialists, and other worthy planners of Scottish reconstruction—their policies baffled on the one hand by English indifference, and bedevilled on the other by extremist perversity. The case of the dummy gelignite could not have a better postscript than the recent speech, at Dunfermline, of Sir Norman Duke, chairman of the South-east Scotland Electricity Board. "The central authority of a nationalised industry tends to treat Scotland, or part of Scotland, as if it were a part of England, no more and no less. Any suggestion that Scotland has any special needs of her own is brushed aside as being merely an insignificant expression of opinion, or as just another manifestation of Scottish Nationalism." It was one of Sir Norman's pylons that had an explosive charge laid beneath it. Such is the *ingenium perfervidum Scotorum*.

NEIL MCCALLUM

Thoughts in the Wilderness

THEY COME FROM INNER SPACE

CIRCLING this globe, usually at very high altitudes, are space ships superior to any type of aircraft we have as yet produced. The creatures in these space ships, presumably from another planet (which may not belong to our solar system), are watching us. They are not hostile, try to avoid any clash with our aircraft, but will not allow any close investigation, and if necessary will wreck any persistent pursuer. We may reasonably assume that they are more intelligent than we are, representing a further stage of scientific and mechanical development. We do not know why they are here; perhaps they are merely curious, perhaps they are making plans to take over this planet or to intervene in our affairs. But here they are, watching us, probably through enormous cold eyes that would strike us dead with terror.

So runs the Flying Saucer legend, which has already found its way into all manner of print. It does not come to us from those places where statues drip blood or witches and vampires abound; neither poets nor peasants have contributed to it. We owe the Flying Saucers to airmen, technicians and the like, all members of communities that pride themselves on their realism and common sense. It is hard luck on these fellows, of course. Just as they are beginning to feel that through science, "technics" and "know-how" they are masters of life, it seems that little blue monsters arrive from outer space to spy on them, behaving in a fashion that apparently makes them feel inferior and *somehow guilty*. As if our galaxy police had been called in! But the rest of us, who have never seen a Saucer, should not be too surprised. We should remember that no natural movements ever seem to be in a straight line but always take us a circular or spiral way. So if we leave all the old nonsense behind, run as fast as we can away from gods and devils, saints and witches, we only arrive at the place where three-headed Martians are watching us. In short, the old wild dreams of the Unconscious break through. Moved by feelings we refuse to recognise, we project uncanny and sinister images against the very sky itself. What secret bitterness is in the Cup to which these are the Saucers?

During recent visits to America I have read a good deal of science fiction, which is now produced over there in astonishing quantities, both in magazine and volume form. (There is more and more of it here too, and a fair amount, I noticed some weeks ago, in Western Germany and Switzerland.) I am no authority on this stuff, but I have sampled enough of it to be able to criticise it without injustice. Roughly it can be divided into three kinds. The first is bosh consisting of corny short stories, on the gangster or Western pattern, with a few rocket ships, atomising pistols and mysterious planets thrown in; they are essentially no different from the stories we used to read about Chicago, Dawson City and Tombstone, Arizona. If such hack work could arouse thought, then we should think what a pity it is that our idiotic species is shortly proposing to spread its dreary melodramatic doings from here to Sirius. But no thought comes. This is trade rubbish, like the beads and Brummagen gauds that the 19th-century traders took with them into the jungle. We can forget this kind, though its specimens must far outnumber the rest.

The second type has not much more literary merit but is more original. It seems to be chiefly written by men (I have yet to notice a woman in this field) who have at least a smattering of scientific and technical knowledge and a vast enthusiasm for inventions and gadgets. They are the same men who write articles telling us how fortunate we are to be living in this age of scientific marvels, and how in the near future we shall find ourselves in a wonderland of labour-saving devices, surrounded by attentive robots. They are the cybernetics public relations team. (Perhaps some of them are already robots.) So their stories of the year 2027 or 2148 are crammed with the most astonishing devices, with everybody living a push-button life on this and various other planets. But these enthusiasts cannot communicate their enthusiasm in such stories. Indeed, an air of boredom creeps in. Their plastic, electronic, atomic-power-run cities seem to be inhabited by stale ghosts. Rocket ships are flashing millions of miles from one tower of tedium to another. Even inter-planetary wars or a police pursuit that covers half the Milky Way bring little zest. The robots, now all over the place, are having the best of it. If, as it appears at times, they are about to take over, nothing will be lost.

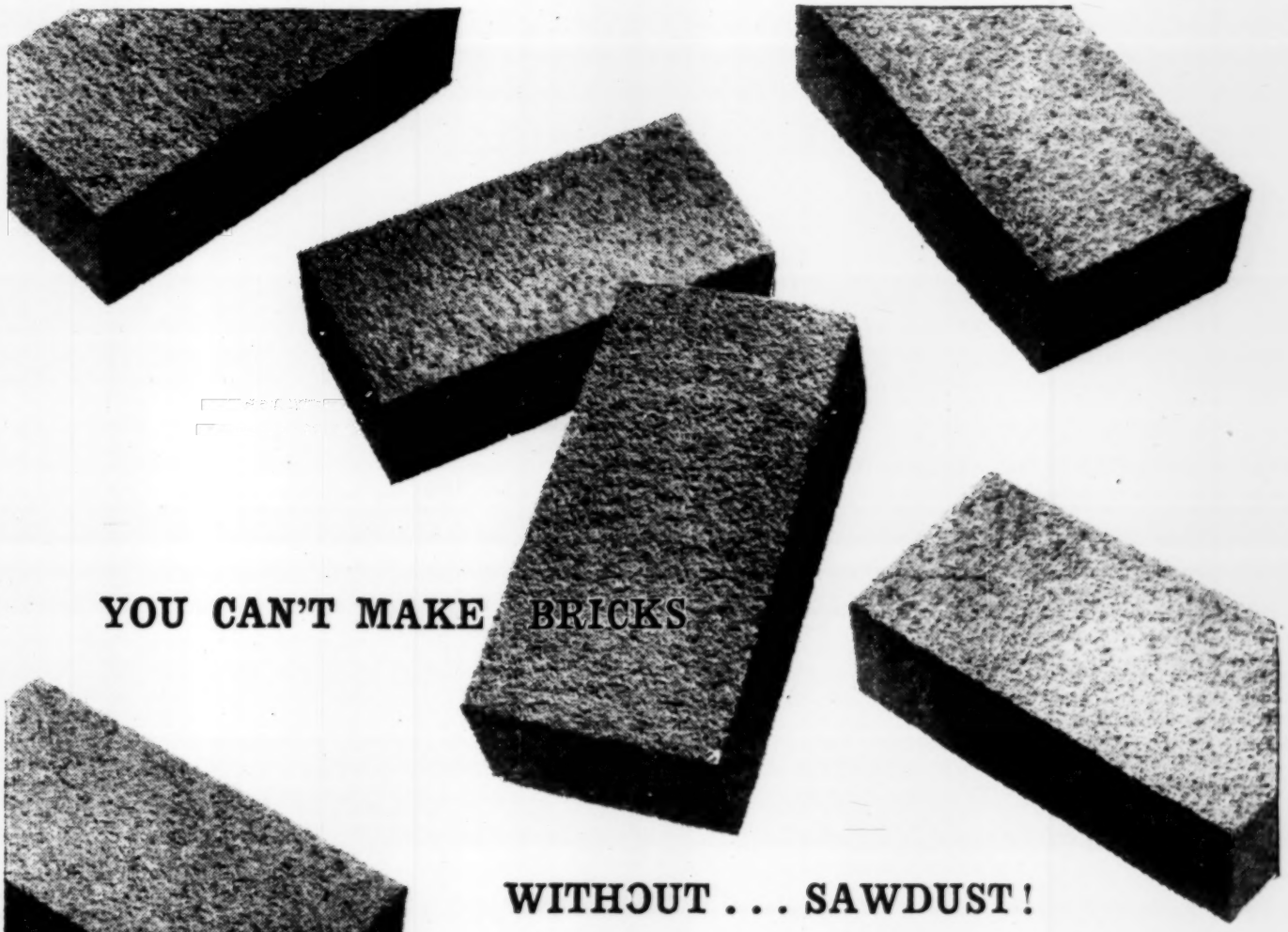
The third kind, still sparsely represented, differs from the other two in being genuinely imaginative and having some literary merit. One of its authors, whose work can be sampled here, is Mr. Ray Bradbury. His stories use the familiar properties of science fiction—fabulous travel in space and time, wars between planets, weird beings from beyond the solar system—but not in the usual routine fashion. He is concerned not with gadgets but with men's feelings. He creates imaginatively; and it may be assumed that he is not merely turning out stuff for a new and flourishing market but is trying to express some of his own deepest feelings. It is significant that he lives in Southern California, that advance post of our civilisation, with its huge aircraft factories, TV and film studios, automobile way of life (you can eat and drink, watch films, make love, without ever getting out of your car), its flavourless cosmopolitanism, its charlatan philosophies and bogus religions, its lack of anything old and well-tried, rooted in tradition and character. Here, on this signpost to the Future, sits Mr. Bradbury, telling us his dreams.

They are very sinister. When they impose themselves on us, they fill us with a sense of desolation and horror. Compared with these glimpses of the future, most of the old hells seem companionable and cosy. This is a world, we feel, to get out of soon as we can. An excellent covering title for these tales of tomorrow would be *Better Dead*. The price our descendants will pay for our present idiocies is terrible. After us—not the deluge but the universal nightmare. One of Mr. Bradbury's favourite devices, not without its symbolism, is the sudden transformation of the familiar and friendly into something appallingly menacing, so that just when you think all is well, you are trapped—these are not the people who will help your time-travelling escape but the police from the nightmare future; this is not your long-lost brother but a Martian who has assumed his appearance. The physicist, the astronomer, the biologist, may smile at the liberties such fantasies take, or dismiss their obvious improbabilities with a shrug. But can we afford those smiles and shrugs? I think not.

Science fiction and Flying Saucer legends seem to me important because they show us what is really happening in men's minds. Like the sexually sadistic thrillers now so popular, they are the myths and characteristic dreams of our age, and are psychologically far more important than our more rational accounts of ourselves. They take the lid off. They allow us a glimpse of what is boiling down below. They may be the first rumblings of the volcano that will overwhelm us. Of course our political leaders, solemn experts, pundits of platform and Press, do not concern themselves with such trivialities, for they still imagine, against all the evidence, that men are as rational as they like to think they are, are moved by a limited set of obvious motives, and consciously direct their affairs. And to imagine this as sensible and safe as it is to assume that what can be seen of an iceberg is all there is of it. If we are all in the same boat, then its name is *Titanic*.

Behind all these topical tales, fables and legends, it seems to me, are deep feelings of anxiety, fear and guilt. The Unconscious is protesting against the cheap conceit and false optimism of the conscious mind. Having ruined this planet, we take destruction to other planets. This very extension in space of our activities is desolating, at least to minds that are not entirely childish, because it is a move, undertaken in secret despair, in the wrong direction. We have to go somewhere, so we prefer superficially to think of ourselves travelling to the other side of the sun rather than sitting quietly at home and then moving inward, exploring ourselves, the hidden life of the psyche. All this comes of trying to live a dimension short, with infinite length and breadth, from here to Sirius, but with no depth, without the spirit.

The tone and the atmosphere of these new stories are very different from those of the early scientific romances. The spiritual climate has changed. The rocket ships no longer represent man's triumphant progress. They merely show



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him hurrying at ever-increasing speeds away from his true life as a spiritual being. He is trying to escape from himself. He cannot come to terms either with this good earth or his own soul: he is rootless, destructive, insane, so goes hurtling and screaming, a lost spirit, into endless black space. So uncertain is he now, so fearful, so deeply suspicious, that a ring of friendly faces may be suddenly transformed into dreadful invaders from space, the ultimate strangeness and menace. Alternatively, his dreams are so dark with guilt that any wandering balloon may be seen as a ship from another planet, into which are projected images of creatures wiser and better than we are, no doubt wondering how long we should be allowed to inhabit this earth. The legends may be absurd, the literature trivial; but the stir in the Unconscious that has brought such stuff to the surface, to exercise an uncanny fascination over so many minds, is neither absurd nor trivial. We are being warned.

We are in fact warning ourselves that our society, like a rocket ship bound for some distant nightmare planet, is hurrying at full speed in the wrong direction; and that, dangerously over-extraverted, we are refusing to deal justly with the unconscious side of our minds. In our conceit, we are withholding tribute from the gods, who may appear at any moment in their most terrible guise. We are trying to live outside the dimension of spirit, to close the frontiers of the ancient hidden kingdoms. We have so elevated the masculine principle, so depressed and humiliated the feminine principle, that we can no longer draw sustenance from the earth nor hope for Heaven; we are uprooted, homeless, half-mad with pride and fear; we spawn invading monsters, all jellied eyes and writhing tentacles, in our despairing souls; we are disappointed, angry, destructive, because the juice and the flavour of this life are harder and harder to find, because the magic is fading, and so we are ready to wreck this or any other planet. We ought to try living sensibly on this earth, perhaps under a matriarchy for a few centuries, with all our saucers quietly supporting our teacups.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

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EDUCATION, we are told, is not so much a matter of knowing the facts as knowing where to find them. In matters of finance, you will find 'the facts' at the Westminster Bank. Special departments exist to advise on overseas trade, to help with customers' Income Tax problems, to obtain foreign currency and passports, to act as Executor or Trustee, to . . . But why go on? We have said enough to show that, when problems like these arise, the simplest thing to do is to leave them in the efficient hands of the Westminster Bank

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The Arts and Entertainment

A QUESTION OF MOOD

IF, as some schools of advanced criticism in Paris hold, it is production and acting alone which matter in the theatre then *A Day by the Sea*, at the Haymarket, is a theatrical masterpiece. Mr. N. C. Hunter has written a successor to *Waters of the Moon* with good enough parts in it to tempt five of our leading actors and actresses and one of our leading producers. The result is a dazzling display, and if the total effect is all the same a little unsatisfying, that is not because the play itself does not perfectly achieve what Mr. Hunter seems to have set out to achieve. *A Day by the Sea* is not a play of situation such as Mr. Rattigan writes, nor a play of ideas like Mr. Ustinov's, nor a play of phantasy and imagination like Mr. Fry's, nor a play of psychological truth like—but I can't think at the moment of a single playwright who does base his plays on psychological truth rather than psychological catch phrases. *A Day by the Sea* is a play which sets out only to evoke a mood and to sustain it throughout the evening simply for its own sake.

In this respect it has an odd affinity with Mr. Emlyn Williams's new play at the Globe, *Someone Waiting*. On the face of it no two plays could be more dissimilar. The Haymarket play is there to be taken seriously; Mr. Williams's play is mere entertainment; Mr. Hunter's aim is poetic realism of the Chekhov kind, Mr. Williams has only written a thriller. But in point of fact they are closely related in intention. For Mr. Emlyn Williams's play is not a straight thriller, it is, to invent a new word, a "chiller"; it is designed as a vehicle for evoking a single mood—the horror of suspense; and Mr. Hunter's play is also designed as a vehicle for evoking a single mood, though a very different one, and much more difficult to sustain—a mild middle-aged melancholy. The two plays have one other thing in common, that each is remarkably successful in creating the mood it intends to.

The play of mood is naturally a special favourite with actors, for it gives them the chance of displaying their talents, often undistracted by the bother of speaking. *The Bells*, in which Irving used to appear, was almost the prototype "chiller" and Mr. Michael Redgrave has described in his recent lectures (*The Actor's Ways and Means*, Heinemann, 10*s*. 6*d*.) how the main effect was achieved without a word being spoken at all. *The Bells* was, of course, a very unsophisticated chiller, and depended almost entirely on mime. Mr. Emlyn Williams is playwright as well as actor, and his chiller is, in the modern detective story tradition, more complex. The premisses—the murder of a tart by a wealthy motor-car manufacturer, a murder for which an innocent young man is hanged—are doubtless absurd enough, more absurd perhaps than the premisses behind *The Bells*. But those granted, the ingenuity with which the middle game, as chess players say, is conducted is great. Except for the beginning of the third act there is never a dull moment, and the checkmate is neat and satisfying.

As an actor Mr. Emlyn Williams is an old hand at the mood; he specialises in a sinister, soft felinity. Personally I have never been touched by plays or novels which attempt to chill the spine on the basis of total unreality, but I can recognise that as a feat of legerdemain Mr. Williams's play is very deft. What you must not do is to bring anywhere within distance of it the test of life. The motives are wholly unconvincing, the psychology is phoney, the characters don't bear even the remotest resemblance to actuality. The art of enjoying this kind of mood play is to suspend one's belief entirely and enjoy suffering the suspense. On those terms *Someone Waiting* is entirely successful.

The same suspension of belief—this is its weakness—is called for in *A Day by the Sea*. The characters are externally well observed, but their situations don't bear a moment's serious examination. So you mustn't ask why a diplomat and his mother should choose to employ a drunken doctor as companion to an octogenarian uncle; or why the doctor is a drunk anyhow. His presence and his drunkenness are necessary for the mood. Nor must you question the probability of a governess of 35, even if so far unmarried, asking the drunken doctor to marry her after only a fortnight's acquaintance. It is there not for probability but for atmosphere, to make a charming sad scene and to give Sir Ralph Richardson the chance to give a touching display in refusing. Is it even vaguely conceivable that a disappointed diplomat who is a bachelor by very nature faced with yet another disappointment in his career will turn his back on the whole of his past and decide to marry? Apply the test of psychological probability almost anywhere in the play, in short, and the whole fragile thing would collapse. But you are not meant to apply such tests, you are meant to be spellbound into the state where the mood alone matters. And so, with these actors and this production, you are.

Mr. Hunter writes excellent parts which, when they are perfectly cast, enable the actors to fill out with their particular personality performances. How wonderfully Miss Irene Worth can evoke tears with her large eyes and sad intense personality. Here with an unhappy past behind her and an inability to snap out of it, she creates poignancy out of nothing. How wryly comic can be Sir Ralph Richardson's partial disassociation from reality. Drunken seediness is the perfect excuse for a display of it, and the exhibition is rich in creative detail of voice and gesture. No less rich in creative detail is Dame Sybil Thorndike's mother, keeping the house going for a son she knows will never use it. This part might all too easily be a cosy bore in the hands of some English actresses, but with Dame Sybil it is always various, human and true. Sir Lewis Casson perfectly reflects the last fitful spurts of an old mountaineer; and a dry comic touch is well within Sir John Gielgud's range; a fussy Foreign Office official of forty inhumanly devoted to his work supplies the occasion, and an admirable shy proposal the highlight.

But Sir John's real triumph is with the direction. This kind of play depends as much upon production as upon acting. The mood cannot be established and held by the acting alone however talented it is; the secret lies in the combination of the elements and their effective arrangement. This is admirably managed at the Haymarket. Against pretty sets by Mr. Felix Kelly—a welcome addition to our stage designers—of a country house and a beach in Dorset, the gentle nostalgic defeated atmosphere is completely created and we are lulled into accepting it as true. In fact, the mood which Mr. Hunter invites us to indulge in is phoney, because in almost every case there is this discrepancy between the characters and their situation. The interlocking of these two elements represents the distance which Mr. Hunter has to travel to reach the objective of an English equivalent of Chekhov. Still the trick is well done; the deception is almost complete. And if the mood is in the strictest sense false, it is not much the less enjoyable for that. Indeed it is most enjoyable at its most false, when in the last act the tiny improbable incident of the proposal rustles the summer-still leaves and sets them for a moment gently vibrating.

T. C. WORSLEY

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS AN AQUARIUM

WHILE I was thinking about this article on the 50 Paul Klee drawings now at the I.C.A., I began, without realising it, to doodle at the top of the paper. If one compared this scribble of mine with any of the 3,500 Klee drawings that exist, it would look ugly and unremarkable. It wouldn't begin to tickle your fancy like, for instance, Klee's drawing of a boat cats-cradled from a single piece of string, with reins instead of a rudder, a match for a funnel, a pin-man as pilot, the tide like a storm in a tea-cup and the full moon like a scone in the sky. Nor would it tickle you so that, instead of laughing, you would momentarily shudder—as you might before the drawing called *History*, in which three graven images, with faces like bulldozers, smack three pin-people down on to the floor, and so much frighten a horse that one of his eyes pops out—and round—to visit the other. In one sense, therefore, the popular journalist who described Klee as "the man who had made doodling an art" was right.

But in another sense I believe that Klee can barely be considered an artist at all. A work of art must be born of conscious intention and deliberate striving: and the spectator, although he may not immediately and fully understand the work, must be able to infer this. This is the fundamental difference (in terms of one's reaction) between discovering a natural object and a man-made one: between a cliff face and a wall: between the beauty of a landscape and the beauty of a landscape painting. The reason why young children's paintings are invariably pleasing but are never works of art is that they lack this sense of outward intention and striving. A child paints simply in order to grow up; and his pictures are therefore almost *natural* objects, almost (and I don't mean this sentimentally) like flowers. The adult artist paints in order to create something outside himself, in order to add to—and to that extent alter—life. Klee spent all his energies trying to rid himself of outward intention, to cease striving and become entirely passive. "Everything vanishes round me and good works rise from me of their own accord. My hand is entirely the implement of a distant sphere. It is not my head that functions but something else, something higher, something somewhere remote." He described drawing as taking a walk with a line. He compared the artist to the trunk of a tree, passively allowing life to flow from the roots (Nature) to the foliage (Expression). Or to put it another way, Klee turned himself into an aquarium; his reflexes flower like anemones, his unconscious urges twist and turn like darting fishes. His works become natural specimens. Hence our curiosity (they tickle us) but also our total inability to be moved.

At the Berkeley Galleries there are works by the Borough Group. In a folio there are some magnificent charcoal drawings of Chartres and Vezelay by David Bomberg. The drawings of some of his students are also of a high standard.

JOHN BERGER

THE MOVIES

"Beat the Devil," at Warner's
"Meet Mr. Lucifer," at the Gaumont
"The Actress," at the Empire

While the devil has managed to slip into this week's titles, a bit more of him is what the films want. First, John Huston, returnings—we're told—to the mood of *The Maltese Falcon*. These nostalgic journeys never quite pay; the mood is no longer there, either in oneself or in others. What Mr. Huston finds, harking back, is something quite different from the streamlined crookedness of 1942. The crooks, now—of course—on the track of uranium, are comic-sinister: Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre, Ivor Barnard, Marco Tulli, old Uncle Bob Morley and all. They wait, with the occupational jitters, in a Mediterranean seaport to travel to Africa. They are rather fun; particularly Mr. Morley, bright-eyed and snorting in everywhere recuperative draughts of fresh air; Mr. Lorre, powder-haired, frog-eyed, all intellectual abasement, who has never let us down yet; and Mr. Barnard, a new acquisition, in the shape of a horsy little, military-Fascist upstart, as rough as the others are smooth, and the one who will do the dirty work and suffer for it. Mr. Bogart is with, but not of, the gang: his guise of some staunch, treacherous rock against which passion may dash itself seems now, youthfully, age-old. Add to these a romancing idiot blonde (Jennifer Jones), with a stuff-shirt English husband (Edward Underdown), and a brunette (Gina Lollabrigida) all eyes and divide; and there we are. Comedy, sex, location jaunting, and a tendency to guy the whole thing are uppermost, with sinister thrills as a bad fifth. The concoction has been worked out by Truman Capote; and, as I say, it is intelligent, mild fun. One enjoys the Lollabrigida attack, the Bogart loll, the Morley avuncularity, the murderous bridge-four, the inevitable shipwreck, and the surprise developments that centre upon the seemingly conventional Englishman. *Beat the Devil* is in fact a slight, amusing comedy-thriller. We shall be disappointed if—with John Huston's name attached—we expect more. Why shouldn't he, like Graham Greene, be allowed his "entertainments"?

Meet Mr. Lucifer is our English reply to the threat of television, and I'm afraid a damp squib. It contains the mildest facetiae, creeps off into fun-quenching fantasies about pantomime devils, the Devil himself, pixies, true love threatened by the little rectangular screen, to the usual accompaniment of pub jokes and Irish domesticities. I am sorry chiefly for Mr. Stanley Holloway, who has to nose his way through this fog of whimsical ineptitude, and to whom—when we get the chance—we cling as a lamp-post. Television itself couldn't do worse.

The Actress is American and expert: a sentimental stage play about girlhood dreaming after the stage. It makes a stagy though not unenjoyable film. When the insensitive family goes to bed, leaving our heroine with her boy in the parlour, there is such a slamming of doors and raging of platitudes as must have drowned even theatre audiences. In the cinema it bellows on silence. An advantage is that the players—Spencer Tracey and Teresa Wright as parents—act, even overact, well; Jean Simmons gets the chance of being girlishly herself, and we are thankful for it, remembering how elsewhere, on screens growing more panoramic, she has suffered.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

FORTY or fifty talks a week are broadcast in the Home, Third and Light Programmes: the rarest quality they possess is—talk, in the sense that we use the word in common speech, as suggesting the intimate, unguarded interchange of views, gossip or reminiscence. That this is so is not at all a criticism of talks generally; most of the subjects dealt with cannot be talked about to hundreds of thousands of listeners in the same way as one would talk about them to two or three friends. Nor is it a question of the colloquial element in a script. Mr. Empson gave a brilliant review of Virginia Woolf's *A Writer's Diary* in the Third the other evening; Mr. Empson talks as he writes, colloquially; but one listens to him in quite another way than that in which one listens to a "good talker" in a club. "Good talk" on the air, as apart from good talks, is rare because its stock subjects, gossip, reminiscence, discursive anecdote, cannot often stand up to the kind of attention we normally bring to radio programmes: we listen to a broadcast talk as we do not listen to the conversation of our friends: we listen "cold." So that "good talk" on the air exacts of the performer a delicacy, a tact, an artistry far beyond that commonly found in the talker among a group of friends.

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example of "good talk," *Gently Dip, But Not Too Deep*, by Mr. Richard Irvine Best, the "quaker librarian" of *Ulysses* who, "quaking, tiptoed in, quake, his mask, quake, with haste, quake, quack." It was delightful, and a delightful personality emerged. Mr. Best was reminiscing. He told us how as a young man he used to go to the funerals of celebrities in order to see other celebrities. So at Daudet's funeral he saw Zola and heard him booed. He told stories of Pater and Gladstone and Tennyson; he recalled his meeting with Einstein in 1914. It was all completely unaffected, an old man talking. Small beer if you like, but never was beer better brewed.

This talk of Mr. Best's, so intimate and personal, made an interesting contrast with a feature programme on the Home Service a few nights earlier, *Unfinished Journey*, an autobiographical programme by Mr. Jack Jones, the Welsh novelist. Mr. Jones narrated it himself. Of its kind it was good. In his life as miner, soldier, trade union leader, unemployed man, novelist, Mr. Jones recapitulates in himself sixty years of social history. And the social history was there all right; if you want to know of the horrors of life in Merthyr in the Nineties, of the bugs, the booze and the strikes, Mr. Jones is your man; and from it all a most gallant figure emerged. Yet though this programme was autobiographical, and its author was telling his own story—very well too—there was no such distillation of personality achieved as in Mr. Best's twenty minutes. Mr. Jones—in this programme—was interesting because of what had happened to him; Mr. Best was interesting in his own right, and would have been, one felt, had he been discoursing on a broomstick.

All for the Best seemed to me relatively minor Pirandello, at any rate compared to *Six Characters in Search of an Author* and, especially, *Henry IV*. As usual, Pirandello argues, as it has been said, the relativity of reality. Yet something, I felt, was wrong with the play. It opens excellently, with the two characters, the grandmother and her son, intruders from the world outside and linking the action proper to the world outside, holding the stage, and these characters were very well played by Miss Vivienne Chatterton and Mr. Peter Claughton. But with the end of the first act they disappear for good and take away with them, in my view, a considerable part of the life of the play. Certainly for me the lack of their presence became a bother. Mr. Norman Shelley, as Senator Salvo Manfroni, was good as he always is; Mr. George Hayes, as Martino Lori, the central character, I suspect did not really rise to the occasion. At any rate, whether the fault was his, the producer's, the author's or the translator's (Mr. Henry Reed), or a combination of them all, *All For the Best*, after the first act, for me remained obstinately at the level of a problem in the theory of knowledge.

WILLIAM SALTER

"Don Pasquale," at Sadler's Wells

At La Scala last year the Barber had a custard-pie thrown at him; at Salzburg Norina was a hatefully arch little miss; and everywhere Italian comic opera tends to be played as broad farce. So perhaps it is old-fashioned to complain when Sadler's Wells applies D'Oyley Carte technique, both vocal and dramatic, to Donizetti. All the same one wonders if the producer, Basil Coleman, can ever have seen Stabile's Malatesta at the Cambridge Theatre, or understood how Donizetti benefits from being played with grace, wit and sparkle. A laugh's a laugh, let us get them at all costs, he seems to say: let a servant-girl bob a comic curtsey during "Pronta io son"; let Don Pasquale wipe his eyes on the curtains as he enters in Act 3; and let us not stop to think whether or not we are creating the rich characters of one of the most civilised and delightful comedies the stage has known. The other element missing is vocal charm. Yet there are merits. Owen Brannigan and Denis Dowling, Pasquale and Maltesta, are distinctly good. The lovers, Marjorie Shires and Gerald Davies, do no more than sing the notes efficiently; but, in a Norina, simple efficiency is something to be thankful for. James Robertson got very poor orchestral playing.

A. P.

Two French Concerts, in the Wigmore Hall

The French themselves pretend that their Opera is bad; but a visitor to Paris hears many excellent voices. And on Wednesday of last week they sent us a soprano and a tenor, Denise Duval and Raymond Amade, who were both extremely good. These two joined with a recital-baritone, Bernard Lefort, in an operatic concert. The accompanists were Germaine Tailleferre and Francis Poulenc. Extracts from Tailleferre's *Petit Navire* and Poulenc's opera, *Mamelles de Tirésias*, showed the light-hearted, tuneful fluency we expected. How extraordinarily consistent is the line through Grétry, Gounod, Messager and what we islanders tend to lump together as "modern French music." By omitting Debussy and Ravel the continuity was emphasised. Mme Duval has great personal charm, a voice powerful and true, and the timbre that one thinks of as characteristically French (it startles people unaccustomed to it). The same can be said of M. Amade, whose voice is at once light and resonant, and beautifully controlled. M. Lefort's baritone has become smoother at the top since last I heard it, and he is an imaginative artist. To judge by records, Maggie Teyte's voice never sounded "French" in the way that Mme Duval's or say Vallin's does. But at 63 Miss Teyte still sings the *Chansons de Bilitis* with extraordinary beauty. At her recital last Sunday she showed that a well-placed, well-trained voice can go on affording pleasure even when, above mezzo-piano, almost all tonal quality is gone.

A. P.

The Versailles Exhibition, at the National Book League

At one end of the room gleam the Great Louis's sword and spurs: at the other stands the brace and bit fashioned for his great-grandson, Louis Capet, the royal locksmith. Between them lie three centuries of Versailles, château and palace, as far as its splendours can be caught in books and pictures. Here, in Van der Meulen's painting, are the stables going up, with Colbert directing the architects; there, in Cochin's engraving, is the great masked ball that Louis XV gave for a royal marriage, the ball at which the King and his friends came disguised as clipped yew-trees, and Mme de Pompadour was "formally received into favour." One can study the long procession of entrées to the royal table, or Le Nôtre's plan of the gardens with the parterres sacred to majesty shaded in grey. Here is Versailles in all its aspects and prospects—from the Bassin de Neptune, from the Orangerie, lit up by fireworks, refurbished for Queen Victoria. And everywhere, there is Le Grand Monarque—as Apollo in a triptych with La Vallière, crowned by Victory, at the siege of Arras, full-length in his robes and "in the full splendour of his youth," three-quarter length in half-armour "—a fitting head-piece to his own "*chef d'œuvre si ruineux et de si mauvais goust.*"

J. N. B. R.

Ballets de Paris, at the Stoll

Roland Petit returns to the Stoll with a new song and dance number called *La Croqueuse de Diamants*, or The Diamond Cruncher. *La Croqueuse* is a character who steals diamonds neither for personal adornment nor for their value, but merely to satisfy her appetite. She is cured of this gourmandising at last by love among the cabbages. This curious allegory, dotted with gentle lyrics, is lusciously enacted by Liliane Montevecchi and Roland Petit; but the ballet is altogether muddled in its construction, and though there are some excellent dramatic effects, which M. Petit seldom fails to provide, the good décor does not make up for the poor music and the over-repetitive choreography. Jose Ferran is outstanding as the café proprietor; indeed, in everything he does this dancer shows an artistry and finish of the highest standard. Jean Babilée, who has returned to the company, danced the Blue Bird in a delicate kind of swoon, with eyes downcast and a sighing motion of the body. Neither was his ornate softness suited to the character of the Wolf in *Le Loup*. Remembering M. Petit's superb performance in this part it cannot but be regretted that he should give it up and, at the same time, take on one so unrewarding as that of a young man in love with a diamond cruncher.

A. F.

Correspondence

ENGINEERS' WAGES

SIR,—Experience of the reactions of my colleagues in the trade union movement to those who, as they believe, let them down in a moment of crisis, causes one to believe that the decision of the General & Municipal Workers' Union to divorce their members from Wednesday's strike may have far-reaching effects. Each of the other 38 unions will now have to decide whether it can remain within the same Confederation as the General & Municipal Workers' Union. The attitude which each union takes to this issue may well bring into being two rival groups of unions within one group of industries.

When one considers the type of dispute which has brought this split into being, it seems probable that such a struggle would resolve itself into a skilled versus unskilled issue. The demand for a 15 per cent. advance is a departure from all previous claims since the war in that the Confederation are not asking for a flat advance of X shillings or pounds for all adult male workers. It is, in fact, the first effort for a long period to widen the differential rate between skilled and unskilled workers.

With due respect to the members of the Executive of the General & Municipal Workers' Union, I believe that it is this fact which has caused them to take up their present attitude. I do not doubt that they are genuinely perturbed at what they feel is a contravention of their rules concerning the holding of a ballot. It would be interesting to know whether, in the cases of those unofficial strikes in which their members have been involved, and which afterwards received official backing, the Executive looked just as closely at the rule which they are now quoting.

When considering the complicated matter of differential rates, it is necessary to remember that many of the former craft unions in the Confederation now have sections which cater for every type of labour in the industry. The A.E.U. is an outstanding example of this.

The old troubles caused by the poaching by one union of another union's members will therefore break out at working level. In many respects the general unions offer better conditions of membership to unskilled workers than do the former craft unions. If this leads to a drift of unskilled people away from the latter we can expect a refusal by the skilled workers to continue to work with them.

Then there is the question of dilution. Many thousands of labourers and semi-skilled members of the General and Municipal Workers' Union have been accepted as dilutees by the A.E.U. and permitted to work on skilled jobs. The industry is still short of skilled men and employers are asking for further dilution. In the event of an inter-union dispute, it is not only certain that further dilution will be refused—it is highly probable that trouble will arise around those whose up-grading has taken place in the past.

I trust that the good sense for which our trade unions are reputed will enable both sides to realise that a fundamental split in the Confederation can only serve to weaken the bargaining power of all.

House of Commons. FRED LEE

HANDS AND BRAINS

SIR,—Without the wish or competence to comment on the major issue raised in this correspondence, may I suggest from my experience as headmaster of a Grammar school and in my present post that some pupils who would otherwise have entered a teachers' training college are tempted to a University course by awards generous in comparison with those offered to training college students. It is not an easy matter for a headmaster to dissuade a pupil from entering a University for which he is qualified and persuade him to enter a training college (after his National Service) to his immediate financial disadvantage. This disparity may well account for some University misfits.

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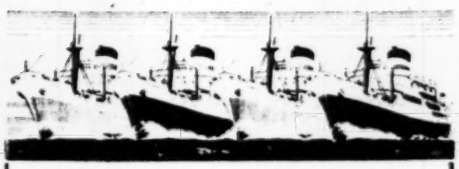

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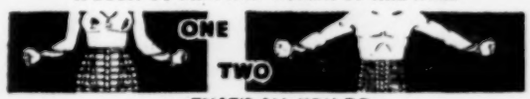

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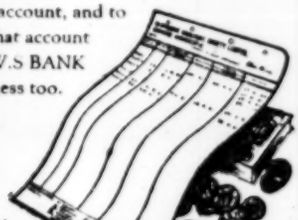

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SIR,—It is disappointing that much of the discussion in your columns on student suicides has been concerned with defending the working-class student, when there is no evidence of any connection between student breakdown and economic background. We might do better to consider what help can be given to existing students.

While some of these breakdowns might have occurred whether the subject was at the University or not, the majority must probably be considered as extreme examples of more widespread disturbances. A student's academic performance is very often a good deal below his potentialities as judged from his intelligence level. He is held back by failures of concentration, excessive social distractions, etc., arising from emotional unrest.

Mr. T. R. Henn mentions several types of student from whom he expects either partial or complete failure—"Those who could not concentrate: those who were bored and uninterested: those who were not prepared to confront and overcome real or imagined physical or social handicaps," etc. His remedy apparently is to cut these people out of the University. This seems to me to be exceptionally wasteful. Many of these students would be capable with a little help of making as great a contribution to their University as any of their fellows, but they are not able to confront and overcome their handicaps by a simple effort of will.

At present, almost the only person at hand to discuss the student's problems with him is his tutor. We might do well to consider whether some change is desirable in existing tutorial systems and whether there is not perhaps a place for some form of student counselling, where we could demand skills in understanding and helping students with personal problems, skills which we have no right to expect at present from non-medical University tutors.

A. F. PHILP

PARENTS AND SCHOOLS

SIR,—Lady Simon says "the 11 + 'hurdle' . . . 'selects' children for the Grammar schools, but relegates all others to the Secondary Modern school. . . ."

My daughter, now 15, sat for the first common Entrance Examination under the present Act. I was notified by the L.E.A. (*not* that of Hemel Hempstead) that she was not considered suitable for a Grammar school education. The letter added that she was theoretically eligible for a place in a Secondary Modern school, but that as no such places existed she must attend a Primary school until the age of 15.

In the event, I sent her to a Grammar school as a fee-paying pupil. Incidentally, in spite of her alleged "unsuitability," she is very happy and is consistently near the head of the form, although almost all those whose marks are lower successfully passed the 11 + examination.

We were, I suppose, fortunate in being able, albeit by sacrifices, to educate our girl. Nevertheless, the reiteration in "explanatory" articles that Secondary Modern schools should not be despised, and that there are places in them for all who fail to get one in a Grammar school, never ceases to infuriate me. Surely it is time that apologists and others recognised and admitted that thousands of children, and not always the least intelligent, are getting no Secondary education at all.

Hemel Hempstead E. WAITE

GERM WARFARE

SIR,—Dr. Needham misses the point of my letter. What interests scientist and layman alike in this pseudo-scientific campaign of propaganda is the cogency of the "proof" of germ warfare. Dr. Needham's reply does nothing to close the gap in the chain of evidence. His only attempt is to try to rehabilitate the evidence he claims is unnecessary—that of the airmen—by hinting that these men who suffered so terribly are now lying to their friends.

Sir Henry Dale and Sir Robert Robinson pointed out, in a letter to the Press more than a year ago, that the really important questions before the so-called "International Scientific Commission" were not of a specially scientific nature. "They involved the scrutiny of evidence from all kinds of people, purporting to prove how and where the objects submitted for examination were discovered, and—the essential point—to show that they were deposited there in a particular manner." But since Dr. Needham objects to my competence to speak, because I am not a biologist, and cannot speak Chinese (what use is that since all the published evidence is in English?), may I say, in fairness to myself, that I had experience, during the last war, as Scientific Adviser to the Air Ministry and in other posts, of the rumours and scares of secret weapons that crop up. For example, early in the war there were repeated reports that the Germans had dropped infected spiders, and a little later Colorado beetles. It was possible to show at the time that these rumours were false, as later investigations in Germany confirmed. I have no doubt that if the British Government of the time had been so dishonest as to work up a case and had not been above torturing German prisoners, it would have produced something which would have deceived people several stages less credulous than Dr. Needham appears to be.

He seeks now to focus attention on the processes by which he and his colleagues reached their conclusions. These were curious. His Swedish colleague told the Press in September, 1952, after returning from China: "The scientific foundation of the Commission's work consisted of the fact that the delegates implicitly believed the Chinese and North Korean accusations and evidence." Dr. Needham himself was asked at a Press conference what proof he had that the samples of plague bacillus he was shown actually came, as the Chinese said, from an unusual swarm of voles, and he replied, as reported in the *Daily Herald*: "None. We accepted the word of the Chinese scientists. It is possible to maintain that the whole thing was a kind of patriotic conspiracy. I prefer to believe the Chinese were not acting parts. . . ." One may believe, as I do, in a conspiracy without supposing that all the Chinese he met were *conscious* participants in it.

Dr. Needham emphasises that his Commission had made up their minds before they even met the airmen. I can quite believe it. He himself said at a meeting in London in April, 1952, as reported in the *Daily Worker*, that the use of germ warfare in Korea "seems to be apparent from all the evidence we have." That was before he even set out for China and Korea. The history of science shows that it is not always easy even for an experienced scientist to discard a favourite hypothesis when the evidence fails to support it.

Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. G. P. THOMSON

SIR,—The National Committee of Science for Peace welcomed Dr. Needham's presence on the International Scientific Commission ("so called" if Sir George Thomson wishes, but nevertheless its members were both international and of some scientific standing) because of his knowledge of the Chinese language and personal acquaintance with many Chinese scientists. This knowledge and friendship, incidentally, were gained in the war years, under the Kuomintang and not under the Communist regime; and anyone who knows Dr. Needham will realise that his regard for China antedates the recent revolution. When the Report of the Commission was published, it was scrutinised carefully by our Committee, and a critical review was prepared for the scientific press, but has not been published. This review pointed out a number of obvious defects and gaps in the evidence presented in the Report, and made many of the points which were later made in the pamphlet, *Germ Warfare, The Communist Secret Weapon*, by John Clews. The conclusion of our review was that complete scientific proof of the charges had not been given, and that from the circumstances and the nature of the charges scientific proof would be extremely difficult. It appears that Mr. Clews accepted the reality of the observations discussed in the Report, but he dismisses them as evidence of germ warfare with the suggestion that they were "planted," probably by the Russians. We also accepted the reality of the observations, but we were far from convinced that the evidence was fraudulent. Although fully conscious of the considerations stressed by Sir George Thomson in the last paragraph of his letter, we held that enough remained to warrant further investigation of the charges, and suggested some ways of doing this. Our conclusion was not based upon the statements of the captured U.S. airmen, which we properly discounted—although considerable space is certainly given to them in the Annexe to the Report.

F. G. GREGORY

MALAYAN ECONOMY

SIR,—Mrs. Spearman says that Malaya needs capital "which she can only find in London"; the fact is that a very considerable part of post-war capital investment has come from America.

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the goods which these countries need, there is no disadvantage" to the Sterling Area countries in pooling their gold and dollar earnings. Apart from the obvious disadvantages in Malaya's case, Britain does not, in fact, supply the needed goods. Malaya badly needs capital equipment for industrial and agricultural development; instead, she gets consumption goods, i.e., she continues to act as a mere colonial market.

An independent Malaya would, I imagine, be willing to receive repayment of the "loan" in goods, but they should be goods of Malaya's choosing; capital, not consumption, goods. Not only the sterling balances, but also future moneys arising from the sale of rubber and tin could also be used to buy large quantities of British engineering products—that is, if the armament programme made delivery possible, and on terms at least equally favourable to those offered elsewhere.

Such trade in British capital equipment would be of great long-term benefit both to the Malayan and also to the British economy. It is, however, a type of trade which could, in practice, only come into existence with an independent Malaya.

Mrs. Spearman's letter is an example of the attempts which are still being made in some circles to exorcise the colonial problem with irrelevant magic words, such as "Malaya is in the Sterling Area for historical reasons." What is needed is less voo-doo and more solid thinking on the central colonial problem, which is: What is to be the long-term relationship between the British and the colonial peoples? Is it to be one of sincerity, friendship, mutual respect and mutual trade? Or is it to be one of costly wars of repression in the colonial territories, the mumbling of abracadabras in London, and bitterness, hostility and frustration on the part of the colonial peoples?

17 Cyprus Road, Finchley, N.3. JOHN EBER

NO ANARCHIST

SIR,—In your issue of November 21 you published an article on G.B.S. by Geoffrey Oestergoord. In the course of this article he says:

"For Shaw, usually regarded as a staunch, if erratic Fabian Collectivist, started his political career as an Anarchist—an honour shared among others, by Jack Tanner, Willie Gallacher and, so it is rumoured by Herbert Morrison."

Whatever may be said of the others mentioned, in my case it is quite untrue.

W. GALLACHER

RED VIENNA

SIR,—R. H. S. Crossman thinks that, in Vienna, "working-class living standards are probably higher than at any time since 1918." What makes him think so? The level of real wages? This, on an average, is a long way (at least one quarter) below that of, say, 1937, let alone of the late Twenties. "Full employment"? It is not so "full" as all that, with nearly 300,000 unemployed last winter and an average of about 180,000 unemployed this year (out of a total industrial population of 2 million). The working-class household budget figures of the Vienna Chamber of Labour—run, it should be added, by Mr. Crossman's political friends—show that, as compared with 1929, 18% less milk, 21% less fat, 33% less vegetables and 39% less meat was consumed in 1952. The comparison with 1935, a year of depression, is not much better. Only the consumption of potatoes has increased by 20 to 25%, since 1929 and 1935. Can this be reconciled with the claim of "higher living standards"?

Mr. Crossman's statements on housing are equally misleading. Far more houses and flats have become unusable through dilapidation and decay since 1945 than have been built since then. The newly-built ones are on the whole inferior to those put up under Breitner in the Twenties and early Thirties, if only because the vast majority are smaller, being of the one room plus kitchen type. The new railway station (the Western) is a fine enough building; but Vienna boasts more than one station; and the Southern (which is more familiar to British travellers) and East stations still present the same sorry spectacle as in 1945. The Opera House took seven years to build in the first place but eight post-war years have as yet been insufficient to complete its repair—and the end is not in sight! In these cases, however, the blame (or praise) attaches not to the "Red" Municipality but to the Federal Government. But then why do they have to be dragged in to make out what a wonderful City Administration we have here in Vienna?

Perchtolsdorf, Vienna, 25. T. PRAGER

MISSING LINK

SIR,—In Mr. Ritchie Calder's excellent survey of the Piltdown problem there is one historical point which might be taken up. He claims that it was Mr. A. T. Marston who "insisted that the fluorine method should be used." The first mention of the possibility of estimating fluorine fixation for the relative dating of human skeletal remains was made by my colleague Dr. K. P. Oakley, basing his suggestions on a forgotten paper by A. Carnot (1892), in a discussion at the Geological Society in February, 1943, subsequently published in the Society's Proceedings. Since I was then not only Keeper of the Geological Department of the British Museum (with both Dr. Oakley and Piltdown Man under me) but also one of the secretaries of the Geological Society, and therefore partly responsible for arranging the discussion, it will easily be appreciated that Dr. Oakley and I had in fact considered the application of a fluorine test to Piltdown Man before even the preliminary announcement of the method had been published. At that time, however, Dr. Oakley was on other work, Piltdown Man was sojourning in the country for safety, and no satisfactory test had been devised for estimating fluorine in minute samples.

W. N. EDWARDS

British Museum (Natural History).

[Mr. Calder writes: "I obviously misunderstood Dr. Oakley's statement at the British Association in August, 1947: 'Mr Marston has made a stimulating challenge which might be put to the test by application of the fluorine technique.'"—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DYLAN THOMAS MEMORIAL FUND

SIR,—The death of Dylan Thomas at the age of thirty-nine is an immeasurable loss to English letters. In memory of his poetic genius a fund has been started for the establishment of a Trust to assist his widow in the support and education of his three young children. This Trust will be administered in their interests by a committee which will include Messrs. Drummonds, Branch of the Royal Bank of Scotland. Subscriptions should be sent either to Messrs. Drummonds at 49 Charing Cross, London, S.W.1, or to A. G. Dennis, Esq., LL.M., Solicitor, 40 Berkeley Square, London, W.1, who will supply any information required either as to the means of payment or the nature of the Trust. We earnestly hope that the response to this appeal will be both immediate and sustained.

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MARX IN ILLYRIA

SIR,—I would like to correct a sub-editor's error in the last paragraph of my article, which appeared in your last issue, "Marx in Illyria." The opening sentence of this paragraph should have read: "Yugoslavia to day is neither the capitalist hell depicted by the Cominform, nor the Socialist paradise acclaimed by its *Western* propagandists." In using the word "Western" I had in mind certain British and French socialists who, searching for their political Shangrila, have tended to overpraise the country's recent achievements. The omission of this word implies that I believe the Yugoslavs themselves make this claim. This, as far as my experience goes, is far removed from the truth.

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Christmas Books—II

HE WEEPS BY THE SIDE OF THE OCEAN

Mr. Lear goes out awalking with a Polly and the Pusseybite

LEAR as a nonsense writer became fashionable with the intelligentsia during the Nineteen Twenties, when Aldous Huxley compared him to Tennyson, and Robert Graves coupled his nonsense with *King Lear* as being equally deserving of serious attention and possibly deserving an equally high ranking from critics. There was also an essay by G. K. Chesterton in which he exalted Lear at the expense of Lewis Carroll on the ground that Lear's nonsense was very much *purer* nonsense. There being a bias at that time towards "pure poetry," "pure form" and other esoteric purities, Lear was ripe to attract intellectual snobs and his cult even entered the public schools, the last places hitherto where "children's books" might have been expected to find favour. I remember defiantly ordering the *Nonsense Songs* as a school prize and relishing the irony of the pompous stamp which the school imposed on its cover. Our school motto was *Virtute Studio Ludo* and for us Lear was Tennyson without the first two of these; though we had read Huxley's essay, it escaped us that Lear's Tennysonianism went deeper than the verbal felicity, that he, too, was a lost Victorian, "an infant crying in the night"—but, like the Laureate, crying very mellifluously.

A typical Victorian of the melancholy lonely kind, Lear's obvious affiliation was to Tennyson whom W. H. Auden has described as "the great English poet of the Nursery," but he also joins hands with Matthew Arnold—hands across a sea that is "unplumbed, salt, estranging." Arnold's *Forsaken Merman* is a fantasy (or fancy dress) portrait of a character whose sufferings are similar to those of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo or the Dong. And even the optimistic Browning reveals in *Waring* the same admiring envy towards the man who escapes from it all that Lear shows towards his favourite romantic travellers—the Jumblies, the Four Little Children, the Nutcracker and the Sugar Tongs—or towards his favourite ne'er-do-wells such as My Uncle Arly. To us schoolboys in the Twenties the Great Victorians were *tabu* but Lear offered us our fill of Victorian sentiment without the Victorian morality—the sugar, in fact, without the pill. Another nineteenth-century writer with many of the same qualities is Hans Andersen; we accepted him, too, on the same mistaken assumption that his fantasy was "pure," *i.e.*, divorced from his background.

Lear was far from being the *inventor* of nonsense writing. For centuries before his time nonsense verses, some grotesquely comic, some inexplicably haunting, had been poured out in folksongs such as *Nottamun Town* and *The Derby Ram* and in nursery rhymes such as the classic *Cat and the Fiddle*. Whether all these were *intended* as nonsense is irrelevant; their lasting appeal to both children and adults was based on exactly the same qualities that have made Lear so popular. The point about Lear is that he was probably the first conscious specialist in nonsense, though even then he landed in this speciality more or less by accident (after all, his main business was painting, and he worked extremely hard at it). Both psychologically and technically he is a fascinating phenomenon and it is possible that the two aspects can be correlated. As Auden wrote of Tennyson and Baudelaire: "It may well be, I think, that the more he (the poet) is conscious of an inner disorder and dread, the more value he will place on tidiness in the work as a *defence*. . . ."

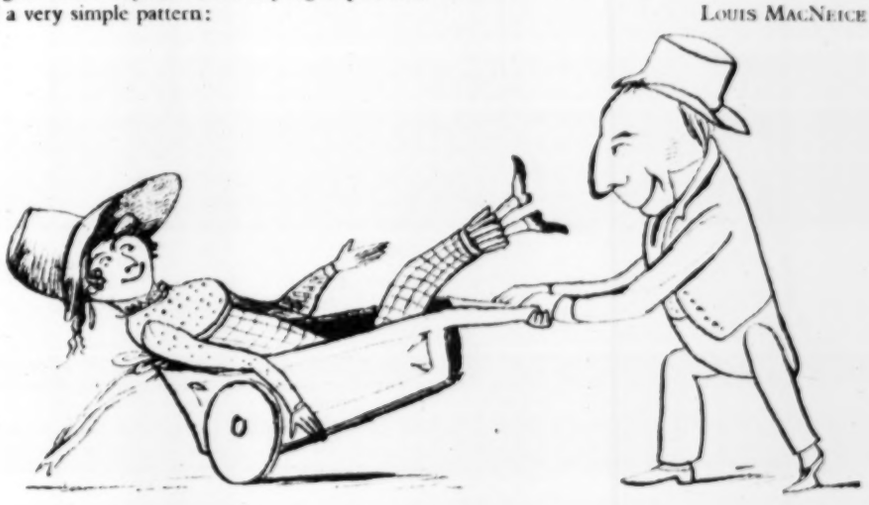
At this late date it is a delightful surprise, for which we can thank the Harvard College Library, to discover new Leariana. While these hitherto unpublished rhymes do not compare with the best of the limericks or the nonsense songs, the accompanying drawings raise them to a much higher level, rather like those rare married couples who are more entertaining when together than when apart. *Teapots & Quails** begins with a sequence of twenty-eight quatrains of a very simple pattern:

> Hurdles and Mumps,
> Poodles and pumps,
> Set it a jumping
> And see how he jumps!

This obviously cannot stand on its own as the limericks do. The rhyme is illustrated with four pairs of objects (in this case including two wonderful bemumped faces) *and* with the pay-off object—in this case a kangaroo. This pay-off drawing corresponds to the punch line in a limerick which usually in Lear does not, as with smokeroom limericks, get its punch from a smart new rhyme but from an unexpected though very assured epithet—the "*incongruous* old woman of Smyrna" or the "*flopsican mopsican* Bear." These quatrains, taken with their drawings, have something of the same impertinent unity as the limericks but they are neither so funny nor so inevitable and it looks as if Lear had abandoned them, as there are several overlaps.

The most charming thing in this book is an illustrated story from which two pages are missing: The Adventures of Mr. Lear, the Polly and the Pusseybite. Here we meet again his familiar and inimitable parrot and cat. Each drawing has only one sentence of text but the sentences pull their weight. "Mr. Lear, the Polly and the Pusseybite all tumble promiscuous into the raging river and become quite wet." There are also a few limericks (with very elegant drawings), some endearing Flora Nonsensica and one nonsense song, *The Scroobious Pip*; this last is a rollicking piece but seems too logical or perhaps too lacking in surprise. Its catalogues of beasts, birds, fishes and insects, contain not a single nonsense creature. Lastly, there is a strange fragment, *Cold are the Crabs*, in which, as Mr. Angus Davidson says in his short but vivid Introduction, "we see Lear amusing himself with the creation of a perfectly *serious* poem in the Lear manner." Amusing? Serious? Possibly the two were always combined in Lear

LOUIS MACNEICE



There was an old person of Harrow
Who bought a mahogany barrow.
For he said to his wife, "You're the joy of my life!
And I'll wheel you all day in this barrow!"

* *Teapots & Quails*. By EDWARD LEAR. *Murray*.

ON READING SOVIET WRITERS

CAN one read on the lines, and also between them? This is a question that always troubles me nowadays when I read Soviet writers. At their most crassly incompetent, books from Russia are nearly always absorbing. This means that we are always reading them between the lines, whenever, for instance, they provide unintended comedy, as at the Komsomol meeting in Trofimov's *Students*[1]—"Marusya, the librarian, said Lagodenko was one of her most insatiable readers, that he had worn out three library cards in one term." Again, one does not need the services of a "Russian expert" to point up an unintended significance in the novel's climax, at the May Day celebrations in Red Square:

> "Glory to Stalin!" came from thousands of throats.
>
> Fervently and with enormous force, as it seemed to him, Vadim shouted out together with the rest these words of love. He lost sight of Stalin for a moment, because of the warm moist film which covered his eyes.

But the enjoyment to be had from reading between the lines can be vastly increased, if, for instance, one reads Trofimov's novel in the light of H. M. Hayward's article on *The Eternal Triangle in Soviet Literature*,[2] or Robert M. Hankin's on *Post-war Soviet Ideology and Literary Scholarship*[3]. For it now seems that some academic schools of Slavic Languages or Slavonic Studies apply themselves to Stalin prize-novels (Trofimov got a prize in 1950), as to signals in a cypher which has to be cracked. The cloak-and-dagger atmosphere of this is exciting in itself, and besides, there really are these confidential messages to be uncovered. One of the crises in *Students* comes with the unmasking of a Professor of Literature as a formalist, and to take anything like the full significance of this (the significance it would have for the Russian reader), one really does need something like Hankin's essay, which traces how the Zhdanov line, from its inception in 1947, was applied with ever more rigour to various fields of knowledge and particularly to literary history, until the heat was abruptly turned off in 1950, after Stalin's article *On Marxism in Linguistics*.

It is just because Trofimov, simply as writer, has so little to offer, because on the lines there is so little to carry conviction or hold the attention, that reading between them pays off so well. The trouble with an article such as Hayward's, or such a compilation as the one from Columbia, is the assumption that literature *qua* literature is no longer to be hoped for from Russia. It seems reasonable enough, I suppose; surely Russian literature by this time has been throttled to death? Perhaps it has; perhaps the silencing of Zoshchenko was the end; I haven't read enough post-war Russian writing to be able to judge. On the other hand, it is continually surprising how much strictly artistic distinction struggled to light even in what seems to us the intolerably restrictive climate of the Stalinist Thirties. Russian literary talent, it seems clear, has taken some strangling; and perhaps even Zhdanov couldn't kill it completely.

And one comes to feel that even to cherish this hope, to take any piece of Soviet literature "straight," at face-value, is culpably naive, if not positively treasonable. I have recently been reading (very belatedly, for the book first appeared, and was first translated, in the Thirties) what seems to me a small masterpiece, A. S. Makarenko's *Road to Life*[4]. Makarenko was perhaps the foremost Russian authority on educational theory and practice, and his book tells the story of the Maxim Gorky colony, an institution which he directed, for the re-education of juvenile delinquents. Its central theme is the account of how Makarenko's experience with his charges drove him farther and farther from the approved educational theorists of the Soviet Twenties (of the British Twenties too, for that matter), with their dislike of authority in education, of external stimuli, and of any sort of coercive or competitive discipline, into a sort of para-military organisation like the Boy Scouts. (Makarenko's tone often recalls *Scouting for Boys*).

Now, in being seduced by, for instance, Makarenko's humour (heavy and arch, typically pedagogue's humour, but still welcome and effective), into taking this as the honest story of one man's developing views, am I not already being fooled and lulled into a dangerous sympathy? Shouldn't I rather, reading between the lines, relate this to a general movement, in educational theory as in other fields, away from Leninist revolutionary liberalism to Stalinist authority, the transition being managed and masked by a strong infusion of Gorkyesque romantic expansiveness?

The whole theme can be taken either way, according as one looks at it. Can both be true readings? Perhaps; but it asks some strenuous agility to keep them both in the mind together. The problem crops up again and again. Reading the absorbing account of the town-bred colonists' always strained relations with their rural neighbours, should I take this as a faithful account of what happened? Or should I be discounting its tendentious elevation of the proletarian above the evasive mujik, and wondering if, now that Soviet agriculture is being wooed again, these passages are unacceptable? Reading the hilarious account of the discomfiture of the unsuitable Ukrainian teacher, Deryuchenko, should I be keeping a straight face and taking it as an attack on Ukrainian nationalist sentiment, in terms of the tension between Great and Little Russians?

Really, he has some right on his side, this inquisitorial censor that I imagine over my shoulder. The better the book, the more insidious its propaganda. It is nonsense to think one can enjoy the charm and ignore the message. For in this case most of the charm is in the candid fervour with which the message is put over. This message is the orthodox Stalinist one:

> It was a joy, perhaps the deepest joy the world has to give—this feeling of interdependence, of the strength and flexibility of human relations, of the calm, vast power of the collective, vibrating in an atmosphere permeated with its own force.

Well, of course this isn't true. I know it isn't; to make this "the deepest joy the world has to give" is in the end a grotesque and cruel inversion of sane human values. I say this firmly now, in cold blood. But isn't it true that when I encounter it in the book on the strong flood of Makarenko's warm and lively narrative, I am a great deal nearer to accepting it, carried out of myself, my sympathies engaged on its behalf? Undoubtedly this is true; and it would seem to follow that just because Makarenko is so good *as literature*, so humane, so rich and various and flexible, I ought to be more than ever on my guard, more than ever determined to read only between the lines.

All the same, of course, I reject my censor. What I have quoted from Makarenko has truth, a profound truth that I can find in such un-Marxian thinkers as Wordsworth and Burke and Martin Buber. It is true that a human community takes on a character and temperament of its own which is not the sum of the characters and temperaments of its members. It is true that when this communal temper is most definite and purposive and dense, it is a source of strength and joy to all who participate in it. And it is true that Makarenko has, perhaps like all great teachers, a specially developed sensitivity to this collective personality as it fluctuates and developes:

> And on the surface of this stagnation extremely unpleasant contours could already be traced by a seeing eye—the offhand manners of the boys themselves, a specific vulgarity in the attitude both to the colony itself and to work of all kinds, a tiresome vacuous facetiousness, the elements of what was undoubtedly cynicism. I could see that even boys like Belukhin and Zadorov, while themselves taking no part in anything criminal, had begun to lose their former radiance of personality and to acquire as it were a scaly surface. Our plans, an interesting book, political questions, were being relegated to the background, while cheap, sporadic adventures and their endless discussion, occupied the centre of attention. All this reacted unfavourably both upon the outward appearance of the boys themselves, and upon the colony as a whole—slack movements, surperficial and dubious challenges to witticisms, carelessly thrown on clothes, and dirt swept into corners.

His observations (well translated, by the way) exhibit the specific sixth sense developed by great teachers, great actors, great preachers, great administrators, some great poets, and—yes—great demagogues. The best Soviet writers have often devoted themselves to cultivating this sense and to exploring the real though intangible world of feeling that it opens up. One must reserve the right to applaud them, and the truth that is in them, however suspect the context they appear in. However hot or cold the war, one must give the Russian writer his due of dangerous sympathy when he has earned it. We should not read between the lines until we have exhausted what is in them.

DONALD DAVIE

[1] *Students*. By YURI TRIFONOV. Translated by IVY LITVINOVA and MARGARET WETTLIN. *Foreign Languages Publishing House*, Moscow 1953. 3s. to members of the Russia Today Book Club.

[2] *Twentieth Century*, March, 1953, *pp.* 219-225.

[3] *Through the Glass of Soviet Literature*. Views of Russian Society. Edited by ERNEST J. SIMMONS. *Columbia University Press: Oxford*. 30s.

[4] *The Road to Life (An Epic of Education)*. By A. S. MAKARENKO. Translated by IVY and TATIANA LITVINOV. *Foreign Languages Publishing House*, Moscow, 1951 (distributed by Collet's Foreign Department) 3 vols. 12s. 6d. each.

ALL FOR YOUR DELIGHT

Alec Guinness. By KENNETH TYNAN. *Rockliff*. 12s. 6d.

Theatre. By HAROLD HOBSON. *Burke*. 21s.

Shakespearean Playgoing, 1890-1952. By [illegible] GORDON CROSSE. *Mowbrays*. 12s. 6d.

Theatre World Annual No. 4. Edited by FRANCES STEPHENS. *Rockliff*. 18s.

Kate Terry Gielgud. An Autobiography. *Max Reinhardt*. 21s.

The Actor's Ways and Means. By MICHAEL REDGRAVE. *Heinemann*. 10s. 6d.

It is nothing but pleasure for a stage-struck reviewer to be able to recommend warmly all of these books. Lovers of the theatre have a varied feast before them, ranging from Michael Redgrave's remarkable and stimulating book, and reminiscences of Irving, to altogether lighter matters.

In *Alec Guinness*, Kenneth Tynan provides a fully illustrated study of this important actor, boldly printing as both dust-jacket and frontispiece the hirsute Hamlet of 1951. About this controversial production, Mr. Tynan, who "took off," as they say, the Player King, is extremely funny:

> I was not alone in bafflement. Much of the casting was of an equally exuberant oddness . . . A strange, plump newcomer . . . played Ophelia. . . . The production started out to be *fin-de-siecle* and finished up being end-of-term, with the headmaster's wife gallantly taking over Gertrude at short notice.

For the poisoning scene, the vial and a large plastic left ear had been treated with phosphorescent paint: "the tableau as the poison was poured took on the aspect of an advertisement for a proprietary brand of rum."

Mr. Guinness's career is fully dealt with, and an agreeable picture emerges of a most competent (and, in comedy, brilliant) actor, but it is Mr. Tynan who, plainly without intending it, chiefly lingers in the mind when the book is closed. The publisher calls him "witty and provocative." Yes, thank Heaven. It is his youthful privilege to be rather rude, but who else would describe Henry Sherek as "the ventripotent impresario" and St. Joan as "the incinerated *franc-tireuse*"? May one hope for further full-

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length studies of other actors? But they should be prepared for a seat behind a pillar at the very back of the pit.

Theatre, by Harold Hobson, is in the Pleasures of Life series. Well named. Coloured plates from Zoffany, Hogarth and Rex Whistler, and sparkling Searle (fame has obliterated the Ronald) caricatures of four critics adorn the text, and Mr. Hobson has widely quoted from Agate, Shaw, Beerbohm, C. E. Montague, Lamb, Henry James, and that rewarding buccaneer of the *coulisses*, W. Macqueen Pope. To Archibald Haddon's account of Miss Laurette Taylor's disastrous first-night of *One Night in Rome* at the Garrick in 1920, one can add a story, perhaps new to many, concerning Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The gallery had yelled so loudly and behaved so badly ("electric snuff" was thrown and stink bombs were present) that C. B. Cochran refused to allow the play to continue after the second act. Miss Taylor, in some distress, was later in her dressing-room trying to recover her nerve, when a beautiful head came round the door. Its owner did not appear distressed. "I *say*," thundered Mrs. Campbell in awestruck tones, "didn't they boo!"

Shakespearean Playgoing 1890-1952 is the work of a most ardent amateur. Mr. Crosse has seen over five hundred performances of plays by Shakespeare, including thirty-four Hamlets (too many, dare one ask?) and twenty-five different Rosalinds, but he keeps his head and his engaging book bristles with interesting facts (is it remembered that Sybil Thorndike was once a wartime-substitute Fool in *Lear*?). He can tell us who was the first Malvolio to wear a night-gown in the kitchen scene, and which Shylock had a red wig (William Poel); no insufficiently blackened Othello or prematurely bloodstained Macbeth murderer escapes this lynx-eye: he has even kept track of scene-shifters and timed intervals. Of his many Hamlets, he plumps for Forbes-Robertson, and much praises Sybil Thorndike as Lady Macbeth, particularly in the letter-reading scene (sad that the photograph makes her look as though she is running her eye down the castle laundry-list). Mr. Crosse saw much of Irving, admired Tree as Falstaff, and once glimpsed Sir Frank Benson hanging, at the age of sixty-three, head downwards from a tree and gibbering with rage. One should perhaps add that he was, at the time, playing Caliban.

The Theatre World Annual, No. 4, covers the London theatre from June, 1952, to May of this year. It could barely be called a distinguished twelve months in the theatre: a weird hodge-podge of good, bad and worse. The pictures (which are first-rate) show Miss Anna Neagle in two or three dress changes in what must have proved a taxing evening, Katharine Hepburn in a tantrum, Robert Helpmann in a fez, Ralph Lynn in farcical hot water, Moyra Fraser (a comedienne of rare individuality), and the Crazy Gang baby-sitting and furiously can-canning. Pictures from *The Innocents* resurrect for us that strange, blood-chilling play, with those wonderfully gifted children.

The *Theatre World* provides an admirable record, and those of us who have been collecting it for years may care to contrast this volume with the first number (February, 1925). Here are Ralph Lynn (looking slightly older), Cedric Hardwicke in a flurry of make-up and whiskers as Churdles Ash, the Drury Lane *Midsummer Night's Dream* (the one with real bunnies? Or was it fairies?), Sybil Thorndike before one Inquisition, Matheson Lang before another, and Dorothy Ward in *Mother Goose*. It is clear that every theatrical year has its ups and downs.

The autobiography of *Kate Terry Gielgud* has much of the charm of Gwen Raverat's *Period Piece* but with the strong theatrical connections that one would wish for and expect from the daughter of Kate Terry, the niece of Ellen Terry, the sister of Mabel Terry Lewis, and the mother of John Gielgud. Mrs. Gielgud writes with much distinction: there is room only to hint at the many delights of this enchanting account of a busy life—bicycling parties in Battersea Park, queueing for the pit to see Bernhardt in *Frou-Frou*, bun teas for friends on wintry Saturdays, watching Réjane ("a little *frimousse* of a face"), "coming out" at a subscription dance at the Marlborough Rooms: "it was not surprising that, with another daughter to bring out each season, Mother felt obliged to cancel family prayers and take her breakfast in bed." She writes of a vanished world, of which it is bitter-sweet pleasure to read: but it is pleasure all the same.

The Actor's Ways and Means is the text of the Rockefeller Foundation Lectures given by Michael Redgrave at Bristol University in 1952-53. This review of the actor's art and possibilities is highly concentrated, erudite, written with great clarity and of quite absorbing interest. Mr. Redgrave warns us that it may be only an "interim statement" and that he intends to remain in an O'Casey-like "state of chassis" about his powers and functions. His dazzling career has certainly shown no sign of ruts: Shylock, Macheath, Hamlet, Richard II, Antony, Macbeth, and enormously varied performances in films and modern plays. This is an essential book for the serious drama student and for intending actors (though they will find in it no easy way to the stars), and it should be made compulsory reading for some of our well-established players, cheerfully reproducing the little tricks that have, for twenty years, sent them glowing to their dressing-rooms. They are in for a surprise.

Dame Madge Kendal is reported to have said that her profession was not a subject about which she was ever anxious to speak. She added that she would only be silent about it when the worms were in her heart. One hopes that it is the same with Mr. Redgrave. "Interim statements" at regular intervals would be a valuable contribution.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

MAN INTO BOWLER-HAT

The Golden Echo. By DAVID GARNETT. *Chatto & Windus*. 21*s*.

The title of the first instalment of Mr. David Garnett's autobiography is taken from a poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins. The first half of the poem, a lament for perishable beauty, is called *The Leaden Echo*, which would be an extremely unsuitable title for the glowing memories evoked in this lively book. The second half, *The Golden Echo*, tells of a God who records in heaven every detail of life and beauty and it is the sounds of this echo that Mr. Garnett strives to catch and reproduce. He became famous as a writer with the publication of his first book, *Lady into Fox*, in 1922. Other volumes of fiction followed, but the initial success had been almost too great to be reached a second time, and for ten years Mr. Garnett has vouchsafed nothing by which the quality of his later maturity as a writer could be judged. In 1922 he was sometimes accused of having produced nothing more than a *pastiche* of Defoe. His new volume of simple, unaffected English is free of any such imputation. It is entirely his own and is handled with perfect spontaneity. The book is indeed a rich offering and is as much a work of creative art applied to the recording of experience as was his earliest essay in fantasy and fiction.

Mr. Garnett has never had to endure a dull or conventional existence. Indeed, he narrowly escaped having Bernard Shaw as a father, but did not fare worse for being the grandson of Richard Garnett, Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, and son of Edward Garnett, the most gifted "publisher's reader" that this little-known profession has ever thrown up. His mother, Constance Black, provided the other half of David's genes, together with the opportunities for a varied and exciting life. Constance was several years older than Edward, and seems to have had the greater influence in moulding her son's development. Both contributed to the family finances, Edward as "reader," Con-

stance as translator of Russian novels; but neither of them was ever ordinary or anything but unworldly, so that David's existence inevitably took on the pattern of an innocent "bohemianism," which he was fortunately able to appreciate to the full—though he complains that he was being brought up to believe that he was different from other people and not amenable to the ordinary rules. Certainly he was made to appear different. His attendance at school wearing a French beret and mounted on a Bantam bicycle which was already a museum specimen when he was put to ride it, was the start of an unconventional scholastic career. He was not unhappy at school, but he never remained long in any one establishment, and his education was interrupted in his early teens by a long visit with his mother to Russia, an account of which is one of the most enthralling episodes in the book.

Mr. Garnett complains that his verbal memory is exceedingly poor, but happily his visual memory is extraordinary and his impressions of people that he met as a child are still fresh and often surprisingly detailed. As the son of Edward Garnett he was privileged to meet a dazzling galaxy of literary stars. Joseph Conrad was a frequent visitor at the Garnetts' house. Henry James appears, clad in very tight knickerbockers, black-and-white check jacket and cap. W. H. Hudson was a charming friend for a boy who enjoyed nature and the woods and could savour to the full a magician able to attract nightjars to his side at will. Cunninghame-Graham, Belloc, Galsworthy, in addition to close family friends such as the Hueffers and Ford Madox Ford, all contributed to his early impressions, and always he manages to shed illumination on character or personality. This faculty naturally becomes even more apparent when Mr. Garnett is describing his own, rather than his parents', friends. Portraits of Godwin Baynes, Maitland Radford, Rupert Brooke and many others are drawn with skill and candour, and all the while there is his own special "Budding Grove" in the shape of the four lovely daughters of Sir Sidney Olivier, who grew up with him in unselfconscious friendship.

Nevertheless the unconventional pattern of Mr. Garnett's life did award him the questionable gift of a "minority mind." "The effect," he says, "of belonging to a minority is to give one an overwhelming contempt for the judgment of one's fellow-men." An early result of this was to make him a convinced pro-Boer and, when he saw the minority fully justified a few years later, this attitude was confirmed. It must have been this frame of mind which led him into an extraordinary escapade at the age of eighteen. He had made friends with a set of Indian youths who were trying their hands as amateur revolutionaries. (He had already "known and respected two eminent assassins".) Eventually one of these Indians achieved confinement in Brixton prison, and David determined to help him to escape. He thought out an elaborate plot involving the use of bags of pepper, loaded truncheons, female disguise, and a sailing boat chartered in France, all of it needing weeks of observation of police habits, study of routes, and other preparations. Eventually a disillusioned and penniless boy found himself being fetched ignominiously from Paris by his father. The whole episode is typical of the unworldly world in which he had lived, and would be almost unbelievable were it not for the perfect candour, almost spiritual nudity, with which the whole book is written.

Near the end there is a partial revulsion in which he actually bought and donned a bowler-hat—a gesture of defiance and an attempt to achieve normality. Finally the first World War is beginning to cast its shadow, though David decides not to enlist, since he has been assured by Maynard Keynes that it would be over before he had completed his training. It was not only the artists who had their illusions in those fateful days.

GEOFFREY KEYNES

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Russian Icons. *Iris-Batsford.* 30*s.*

Wedgwood. By WOLF MANKOWITZ. *Batsford.* £7 7*s.*

Zurbaran is a puzzle. He is presented to us in turn as an unsophisticated peasant realist, as a refined exponent of pure painting, as a mystic and even as a great baroque decorator. There is something (in descending measure) of all these in him, but it is still not easy to see how the artistic personality hangs together. What is the common element, the clue to this combination of brilliance, imitativeness, bare competence and sheer queerness? Starting out with a noticeably rudimentary late-mannerist technique, Zurbaran achieved an individual and visionary style at about the age of thirty. There were ten years of extreme productiveness, with a respectable number of masterpieces and a great deal of routine: the moment of gravity which produced results as substantial as the St. Francis pictures in the National Gallery was, however, quite exceptional. In the last twenty-five years of his life he seems to have done little but increasingly servile imitations of the kinds of Murillo from which most eyes are now averted, ending approximately where he began—an impression mitigated in this book by dating the marvellous *St. Luke as Painter* very late, on no clear grounds, unless out of simple pity that such a career should end in unrelieved banality. Mr. Soria lists the painter's qualities and recommends him warmly, but this is not quite enough. He misses out the peculiarity and the element of failure, and so—criticism is full of these paradoxes—the real greatness escapes him. We catch hardly a glimpse of the artist of the pale and vivid St. Peter Nolasco pictures in the Prado, with their schematic patterns of light and drapery, bare yet lovely, the inventor of an immaterial realism of the most original kind. In later works the mannerist architectural vistas, introducing like a hallucination, and a shadow of incongruity in his realism, giving the great generalised machines a lurking character almost of *collage*, are often all that is left of this originality. Even the famous staple productions, the figures of virgin saints, beautiful as they are, have with repetition a look of caution, the subdued look of a welcome compromise. Until we have a more persuasive, perhaps more painterly, estimate it will be easy to persist in regarding Zurbaran as an artist with a delicate, very unconventional gift who was all but ruined by rigid iconography, "professional" composition and the repeated impact of the heavyweights of his school. Spanish religious painting, all but the greatest, is difficult, of course; Spanish critics often discover mystic intensity where the foreign eye is arrested by an outward form that looks merely squalid and gross. Zurbaran might, none the less, have been happier in Lorraine.

Mr. Soria's book is of great value. He has sorted out the genuine article from the rest with severity, and the plates are as good as Phaidon has ever done. The great virtue of the book is that it exists at all. Considerable seriousness and courage are required for a publisher to step so far from the beaten path, when repeated editions of Rembrandt and the Impressionists remain so rewarding. The Michelangelo omnibus, including for the first time architecture as well as sculpture and painting, complete and in one book, is equally fine, and extremely useful both for general reader and specialist. There is still a slight tendency to frame details of sculpture with misleading picturesqueness. But the sense of shock and physical closeness has its own value in a book through which so many will make their first approach to great masterpieces. It will be surprising if opinion does not, by the time another edition appears, justify the inclusion of the National Gallery pictures among the authentic works: an edition of this kind is, however, perhaps right to follow fashion rather than lead it. In the competitive business of producing picture books Phaidon are first, with no rival near them.

Good reproduction is expensive, but much less so than good editions of Bewick: a presentation of him in bulk was overdue. These collotype plates have clearly been made with great care—very little, if anything, of design or tone escapes. Mr. Reynolds's introduction, particularly in regard to the pupils, is as good as one would expect. Nevertheless. . . . Perhaps the disappointment is more noticeable because this is, after all, a book: Bewick is met on his own ground. The very flatness of the paper is wrong: evidently the minute indentation which the real block makes in the delicate wove is essential to the poetry: relief, Bewick's passion, is in the real thing impressed just perceptibly into the page itself. The book is enjoyable; it will be a general favourite. But the publishers claim a little too much. These plates are not "indistinguishable from the best hand-proofs," and the interesting thing is that the difference tells us something about Bewick that we might never have known through any other means.

One might have expected from Mr. Taylor's title a treatise on the social setting of Impressionism; one is about due. In fact, this is a collection of gravure colour plates, with a bluish-grey tone that is particularly hard on pure Impressionism and on Cézanne, of thirteen great painters who have not much in common but the fact that they worked during the relevant half-century in France. Mr. Taylor writes intelligently, bringing to life the intense visual awareness of the nineteenth century with the aid of a variety of ingenious references: his part could hardly have been better done. Superfluously extensive bibliographies, and other material better given by Rewald, complete a book whose chief advantage is its price. The Goya volume is a surprise. Instead of another shoddy popular monograph we are given what is simply a comparative anthology of the artist's motifs, drawn from every *genre* and well reproduced, arranged according to subject. The author is modestly content to describe; he does nothing else whatsoever. The result is as good and as unpretentious an introduction to this riveting imagery as could be devised. The Iris book on icons is smaller than usual and at this price indifferent value: the subject, moreover, presents a crippling handicap. The important Russian examples are out of reach, and only one is here reproduced, from another reproduction. As a general coloured introduction to the subject the King Penguin, whose plates were drawn from an earlier book, remains the better proposition.

Zurbaran's work very rarely appears on the market; Wedgwood's, and its counterfeits, are always with us. As a result a book on Wedgwood is of necessity functional, a quality which anyone who reads much criticism finds refreshing. It must tell us, as Mr. Mankowitz's sumptuous book does admirably, about the feel of the ware, about the characteristic techniques which form it, and reprint straightforwardly such original documents as survive. If historical criticism dealt more in information of this kind, one would have fewer doubts about its uses. Batsford produce this excellent book most beautifully; if there is any flaw it is that their front door makes a clumsy colophon.

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O Lovely England. By WALTER DE LA MARE. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In reading this latest book of his verse, I was reminded, as often before by Mr. de la Mare, of some famous lines of Yeats:

> A ghost may come;
> For it is a ghost's right,
> His element is so fine
> Being sharpened by his death,
> To drink from the wine-breath
> While our gross palates drink from the whole wine.

For Mr. de la Mare makes me feel that I have indeed a "gross palate"—that there are intimations, there are whispering hints, that I am always aware of as being made but failing to grasp and interpret properly. Perhaps, indeed, most readers feel this, and perhaps to make them feel it is an essential quality of Mr. de la Mare's art.

No important contemporary poet is at once so intimate and elusive. And both the intimacy and the elusiveness work within a framework of a contentedly accepted old-fashioned diction—a diction, nevertheless, which it is extremely difficult to date, to "place"—and often of conventional themes. Here, for instance, is a poem which contributors to such a conservative journal as *The Poetry Review* are always trying to write but somehow never succeed in:

> Now the slim almond tree
> Tells April soon will be
> Scattering her petals where
> Snow still lies cold and bare.
>
> Birds in its leafing boughs
> Echoes of spring arouse.
> Piercing the drowsy earth,
> Crocus her flower brings forth—
>
> Wooing the bees. And soon
> Winter's ice-silvered moon
> Shall melt, shall kindle on high
> Springtime within the sky.

What makes the difference between this and the other product? Partly a life-time's training in the poising of words that can give by habit its sad weight to the line,

> Snow still lies cold and bare,

and its lift to the line,

> Echoes of spring arouse,

but partly also the habit of real perception (pale

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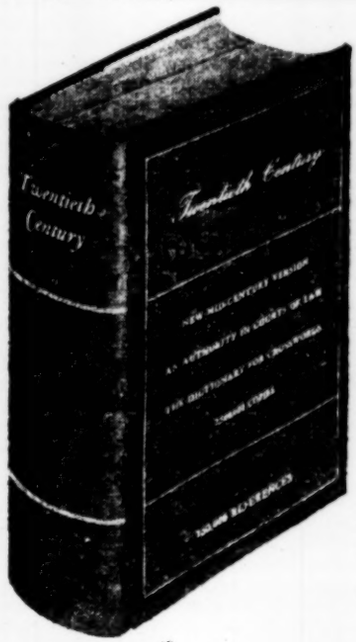

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pink petals on the snow, a Whistlerian delicacy) and the daring of an illogical but poetically condensed juxtaposition of images—" shall melt, shall kindle . . . " A poem about a place for which I share Mr. de la Mare's sad reminiscent love, St. Andrews, begins with a beautiful handling of the commonplace :

Fickle of choice is Memory :
But hidden in her secret deeps
She guards whatever in life may be
Vivid and sweet perpetually ;
And of the loved strict treasury keeps.

The faint, half-conscious ambiguity of " perpetually "—" She guards whatever in life may be perpetually vivid and sweet " or " She perpetually guards whatever in life may be vivid and sweet " —lights up Mr. de la Mare's attitude to transience. He does not know, and it is one of his underlying themes, whether it is our love that keeps things lovely, or their loveliness that keeps our love. The poem goes on conventionally enough, with catalogues of names, and ends in a magnificent stanza of evocation of the sea with a really splendid last line in the high romantic tradition :

The winter daylight wanes. The tide
Lays a cold wreath of foam upon
Its sea-worn rocks. The billows ride
In endless cavalcade—are gone.
The rose of eve burns far and wide.

But the profounder themes of this volume are concerned with old age, the approach of death, the reconsideration of life in the light of the nearness of death—and the refusal, in spite of the urgency of that nearness, to be dogmatic about the " meaning " of existence. One might say, with Chestertonian crudity, that Mr. de la Mare is a poet who has always found it impossible not to believe in ghosts but very hard to know whether or not he believes in God. He believes in " love," but is not going to flatten out the swirl of implications that word holds for him :

That Love's our earthly Light—
What man could doubt it ?—
Until the Reverend Mole,
Yoked with his jet-black stole,
In his dogmatic role,
Preaches about it ?

Love is something that can at once be missed and give meaning :

No, no, no !—
Would summer miss
One wild flower
For cause like this !
Still must I crave
Where nothing is
But—" No, no, no ! . . . "

These lines could be read together with one of terrible pathos (but its power contradicts its sense):

The Muse, if ever present, gone !

And the epigram about Dr. Mole could be set beside two lines about the moon as the Muse who is Love :

She who no night-bird ever taught
To sing, not what it must, but ought.

Mr. de la Mare is that night-bird who has always sung what he must. Readers must not look in this volume for " the consolations of philosophy " but for the stringent joys of the poetic life, lived loyally up to the threshold of " Death's latchless door."

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Kitchen Table Talk. By AMBROSE HEATH. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
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The literature of cooking is now so vast that it really deserves a critical apparatus of its own, chairs at the universities, analytical series on the Third Programme and feuds between professors. To judge by the current output of handsome and expensive volumes in this country you would think we *cared* about cooking, which, as every schoolboy knows, is absurd. (Is it possibly a symptom of despair, like Kinsey ?)

At all events, it is time all this literature were divided properly into schools, classic distinguished from romantic, mystic from rational, trends observed, debts to tradition acknowledged, and the word *baroque* introduced somewhere, so that the student can at least get his bearings. As a beginning, it will be found helpful to take an armful of the latest works and divide them into categories, with special attention to the themes most likely to occur in examination questions.

CLASSICAL. The principal exponent of the academic grand manner in this country is M. Jean Conil, whose *Haute Cuisine,* a most splendid and intimidating volume, is a sort of chef's or gastronome's encyclopedia. M. Conil, himself a famous chef, inherits the noble traditions of his kind, and can proudly say, speaking of himself and his father, " We can justly claim to have lived in order to eat." His subsidiary aim, embodied in the present volume, is to make it perfectly clear what is *haute cuisine* and what is not. If a dish is not to be found within these solid covers, then it is useless to ask for it in the kind of restaurant which M. Conil respects. If a name appears on a menu, then its precise definition is to be found here, in alphabetical order. If what arrives on your plate differs from the definition, send for the *maître d'hôtel* ; you have a right to expostulate. It is M. Conil's intention to educate his readers. He explains the whole vocabulary of the menu, recommends a study of his book before going out to dine. (Q : " Try to explain why you do not need as much sugar for a hot rice pudding as for a cold one." Comment, with examples.)

On a more homely and reassuring level, Miss Nell Heaton's *Cooking Dictionary* sets out to do for the housewife what M. Conil does for the diner-out and the chef. No words are wasted ; you can look up Lamb's Fry, Lampreys or Lardoons and be assured of a sensible answer. You are also told how to cook whatever it is you have looked up. (M. Conil assumes you know and does not say.) In short, this is a sound large reference book on traditional lines, for the single-handed cook with a family to feed.

ROMANTIC. Under this heading it is convenient to group those works which approach cooking in a mystic spirit, and are altogether too high-flown for every day. They have considerable charm, and when, like *The Gourmet Cookbook,* they are large and sumptuous in format and illustrated with wonderful colour photographs of what food *can* look like when perfectly cooked and served on Queen Anne silver, they provide luxurious reading for a winter's afternoon. *The Gourmet* is an American book, measuring chocolate in squares instead of ounces, making Crême Brulée with brown sugar, and baking French bread for 50 minutes at 400 , which *I* should have thought would have made charcoal ; but it is a wonderful, romantic, mouth-watering book, ideal for the man who thinks of himself as a gourmet and can make *crêpes Suzette* late at night in a little copper pan for his intimate friends.

A subdivision of the Romantic school is the NOSTALGIC or ANECDOTAL, designed to be read rather than used. When we pick up Mr. Wechsberg's *Blue Trout and Black Truffles* and see that its sub-title is " The Peregrinations of an Epicure," we know what to expect. He does not want to talk about cooking, but about eating, and to be, oh so gay about life and food in all the capitals of Europe ; pre-war, of course. One imagines him turning up his eyes and kissing his finger-tips over the goose livers of Perigueux and *ces dames* at Maxim's ; it is that kind of book. (Q: What has Bouillabaisse in common with a Stradivarius violin ? Comment, with notes on Wechsberg's use of simile.)

Lady Vischer, another exponent of the anecdotal style, fortifies her *Now to the Banquet* with real recipes, for she is serious about cooking and is herself a Cordon Bleu. She likes to cook her steak over a wood fire specially constructed in the dining-room, while the guests sit at table, respectfully waiting. (This is the kind of thing that sounds so dignified in books, and is such a saturnalia if one tries it.) Hers is not a book to consult when you want something in a hurry, but it contains all sorts of odd information ; musical spits ; the history of the potato ; the Marquis de Sade's tastes in food (quite plain, apparently)—all mixed up, pleasantly enough, with recipes from all over the world. This is the kind of thing that makes lunch rather late, but reading about delicious food is a nice form of escapism, much easier than learning to cook like a Cordon Bleu.

We all like to produce a foreign dish sometimes ; it suggests we have travelled. Countess Morphy's *Recipes of all Nations* was the first big success in this line, and established a considerable following. Mrs. Howe is a good modern authority ; her *Italian Cooking* follows her earlier treatises on German and Turkish cuisine in a thoroughly practical manner. She tells you *exactly* what to do with polenta, scampi and mortadella, without confusing the issue with personal anecdote. Mme Andronikov's *Good Food from Abroad* takes you farther east ; she

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concentrates on simple Polish, Russian and Greek recipes. Both works can be safely recommended to the student.

An entirely new category, unknown to Mrs. Beeton's God-fearing generation, is the FUNNY COOKERY BOOK. This is usually illustrated with cute drawings of the Little Woman getting into all sorts of messes, and the instructions are a scream from start to finish. "Pick it up. Fling it into a bowl. (This will be very good for your feelings.) Muddle it up a bit more with some jam, put it in another tin. Throw a layer of cornflakes or buttered crumbs over it . . ." Miss Ethelind Fearon's *The Reluctant Cook*, from which this quotation is taken, is a homogeneous sample. (Q.: State clearly the difference between *caster* and *castor*, and give your reasons for thinking cookery funny.) Mrs. Ernestine Carter's *Flash in the Pan* conjures up a more elegant picture, the cook in this case being the busy career woman who rushes home and throws aside her furs to prepare a party dinner in an hour. These clever ladies do exist, I am told, and if anything could turn me into one it would be Mrs. Carter's book. It is small, and full of the sort of food I most enjoy. It seriously tackles the problem of producing an attractive meal in a short time. I don't believe it can be done, but students must judge for themselves.

Lastly, there are two books rather difficult to classify. Ambrose Heath's *Kitchen Table Talk* must be perhaps considered under the heading of COOKERY BOOKS BY AMBROSE HEATH for which there must already be a special section in the British Museum. This latest work is on foreign and out-of-the-way dishes, and, like its forerunners, sound if unexciting. The way Mr. Heath keeps his enthusiasm is an example to us all. *The Apple Book* by Gertrude Mann includes a number of eighteenth-century recipes, usually a suspicious circumstance. Most books presenting old recipes or dishes from royal households can be classified as whimsical-romantic, but this modest little book is more practical than antiquarian, though there is too much tansy and orange-flower water in it for me. But then I do not regard cookery as fun, but as one of the serious burdens of life, for which students of stark reality had better be prepared.

MARGARET LANE

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Dog Toby. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The San Sebastian. By EILIS DILLON. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Marlows and the Traitor. By ANTONIA FOREST. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Rogue's Yarn. By JOHN NEWSOM. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Sunset Plains. By STEPHEN FENNIMORE AND DALE COLLINS. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Half a dozen adventure stories, and the first for my money is *The Man from Woodpecker Creek*. In a way Mr. Tschiffely has an unfair advantage over the authors of the other books. It is not that his is fact and theirs are fiction, but that he has so much the best story. Indeed, he retells one of the most remarkable stories of our time, that which E. Lucas Bridges told himself in his autobiography *Uttermost Part of the Earth*. One of the most remarkable stories? That is understatement: Lucas Bridges's book, and Mr. Tschiffely's version of it for children, contain *two* of the most remarkable stories of our time. The account of the Bridges family's settlement in Tierra del Fuego, during the last thirty years of last century, must be the nearest thing to the *Swiss Family Robinson* there has ever been in actuality: everything is there except Mother's wonderful handbag, which contained, one seems to remember, all the resources of Gamages'. And the second story, that of Lucas Bridges's life in the interior among the Ona Indians, is pure Ballantyne. Mr. Tschiffely, who has had the benefit of knowing Bridges in what were literally his native haunts, tells his story straightforwardly and without much concern for literary graces. It could survive—and will survive—any amount of worse telling.

Mr. Church seems to me weak on story but strong exactly where you would expect him to be: *Dog Toby* is by far the best written of these books; indeed, it is full of felicities of observation and expression. There is, for instance, a description of a praying mantis waiting for its victim that could take its place in any anthology of writing on natural history. Mr. Church sets his story on the troubled frontier between two mutually distrustful Central European republics; it relates the adventures of three children and their two dogs as they wander over the frontier during a summer-day's picnic. I said Mr. Church was weak on story: he is not, however, at all weak on incident; the account of the events in the railway tunnel in which the children are caught between the frontier guards of the two states cries out for Mr. Carol Reed to film it.

"As long as I live I shall never forget the morning I looked out and saw the *San Sebastian* floating quietly under my window." Miss Dillon's story is in an altogether older tradition of children's adventure books: behind it one may dimly perceive a far-off vista of *Treasure Island*. The hero, an Irish peasant boy of fifteen, picks up a Spanish brigantine by way of treasure-trove and straightway finds himself involved with mysterious Spaniards and menacing Norwegians, is hoodwinked and double-crossed and kidnapped, but escapes in time to return to Connemara and help the men of his village fight the Norwegian whalers for possession of the brigantine and the gold which, unknown to him, it contains. I thought it well done; the fights are good, the mystery of the ship is sustained, and it is very nicely written.

The Marlows and the Traitor and *Rogue's Yarn* have much in common: both take us into the world of M.I.5, atomic secrets, and wicked Nazis working for the Russians. Both, too, raise the problem which besets all writers of children's adventure stories of the modern world: how dispose of the parents while the children are getting on with the job? In Miss Forest's book the solution is simple: Father is a naval officer at sea in the Channel on an exercise and Mother can go away and join him when he puts into port for the week-end, leaving the children at the seaside resort where they are on holiday. In *Rogue's Yarn*, Father, I am afraid, is a bumbling old ass who, amateur yachtsman as he is, crashes his hired yacht into every other craft on the Norfolk Broads. Of these two novels, *The Marlows and the Traitor* is considerably the better. Miss Forest is much more successful with her characterisation than is Mr. Newsom, and more ingenious in her plot: when a Naval instructor at Dartmouth is unmasked as a Russian secret agent, then the wilder fantasies of Senator McCarthy begin to appear plausible. Even so, Lieutenant Foley might have got away with it if he had not pretended not to know Peter Marlow, a cadet at Dartmouth. I think Miss Forest is to be congratulated on her treatment of the traitor, which contains much more insight than many adult novels one has read on the theme.

Sunset Plains, I am happy to say, is the only one of these six books in which the graceless ejaculation 'Whack-o!' occurs, common though it is in the comics I read. Its presence, along with that of 'dinkum,' is doubtless to be explained by the fact that this novel relates the adventures of a boy and a girl on holiday at a sheep station on the Murray River in Australia, adventures culminating in the capture of a gang of sheep-rustlers. Could *Sunset Plains* fairly be described as dinkum? Not very dinkum, I am afraid. The authors manage to work into their story a considerable amount of information on the fauna and flora of Australia, customs, history and trade, as well as the art and science of sheep-farming, but they are also deplorably sentimental.

WALTER ALLEN

REWARDING FAIRIES

Brogeen and the Green Shoes. By PATRICIA LYNCH. *Burke.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Thunderbeast. By IAN MORE. *Blackie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

People with Six Legs. By MARY BOSANQUET. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Story of a Nutcracker. By DESMOND MACCARTHY and BRYAN GUINNESS. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Children who believe in magic, and can clap their hands at the proper moment, have usually discovered their particular private world of strangeness and sorcery. It may lie only just at the back of the looking-glass, but they have climbed through to find a different country the other side. The excitement of exploration, discovery carries the imagination easily along with it. What would happen, however, if the journey were made in reverse, and if a native of the new found land left it to visit our own ordinary world; how would we accept him here? Disbelief seems harder to suspend, and the whole affair has somehow begun on a note of anticlimax. Brogeen the leprechaun, who is again the hero of Patricia Lynch's new book, has travelled from the fairy fort and made his home in the root of an Irish beech-tree before the story gets well under way. He is an endearing person, hard working and unselfish yet not above a mild grumble when things go wrong or people are contrary—with plenty of human characteristics, in fact. This is perhaps the reason why he appears a little dull, a little too like ourselves: he becomes more and more an ordinary cobbler, and less and less the fairies' special one. When he has finally reached the end of his search and caught up with the lost green shoes, it is to realise that they are slippers for dancing, not the stout travelling boots he needed for himself; and he gives them away to the little girl Anne who will use them properly.

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that red shoes, green shoes, dancing shoes have more enchantment about them than walking shoes. In a fairy story one doesn't want to be sated with marvels and monsters, and the potency of magic is most felt when plain ordinary things suddenly turn an extraordinary side towards us. But this unfamiliar aspect must strike with beauty and terror, revealing objects either Lilliputian or Brobdingnagian, and through the clear closed eyes of sleep or day-dream. The two small children, Andrew and Babba, of Ian More's *The Thunderbeast*, slide into their great adventure this way, and set out to reach Camelot in their gum-boots and jerseys with Merlin for guide. On the way they not only encounter dragons but the Abominable Snowman, and the Archer of the Zodiac fights on their side against the Thunderbeast: a curious hotch-potch of mythologies that somehow cohere to form an individual and exciting world governed by laws of its own.

The same purpose is apparent in Mary Bosanquet's *People with Six Legs*, but carried out with nothing of the same success. Purpose indeed becomes far too apparent, and Belinda's dream conversations with the insects interpreted to her by the all-wise Professor begin to seem too much like an adult's preaching at children. How delicately and tactfully this can be avoided, without losing any of the shapeliness and unity of a true fairy tale, is shown in *The Story of a Nutcracker*, begun by the late Desmond MacCarthy and finished by Bryan Guinness. It is a delightful story—the original Hoffmann fable, from which *Casse-Noisette* was conceived—and here the narrative and illustrations (by Roland Pym) make a perfect complement to each other. Though the dangers are presented as hard and real—the Nutcracker Man has to fight his duel alone with the seven-headed King of the Mice after his army has been defeated—yet every ordeal has its comforting reward, and the poetry of magic lights up this book like the illumination from the Christmas Tree where Mary first saw her nutcracker.

PHILIPPA DOWNES

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

Tales from The Thousand and One Nights. By A. J. ARBERRY. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Tales of the Norse Gods and Heroes. Retold by BARBARA LEONIE PICARD. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Welsh Legends and Fairy Lore. By D. PARRY-JONES. *Batsford.* 15*s.*

A Treasury of French Tales. By HENRI POURRAT. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

Hans Andersen: Forty-Two Stories. Translated by M. R. JAMES. *Faber.* 25*s.*

The five books at my elbow, each of them a restatement or a translation of folklore, legend or fairy-tale, are to me a ground for hope. For every writer who stores up, as a busy ant the summer grain, the details of man's epic past reminds us that the future need not be as black as we fear. He keeps the golden age ever before us, assuring us that though the welfare state may make men equals the fairy-tale offers a better world where they may live as brothers. All that is necessary, he suggests, is to turn from our technology and live.

Let us begin with the latest translation of tales from the Thousand and One in which Professor A. J. Arberry undertakes to give us the uninhibited speech of the market-place and to prune away the prolixities of Burton, Payne, Lane and Co. The *Wherefores* and *It behoveths* and the great vocative *O's* of these masters are not perhaps everyone's meat. This translation, however, has none of the rough graces and spicy flavours one might expect from the market-place but rather the flatness and the watered-down tropes of the High Street. Could the great Aladdin whom we knew have demanded, for instance, "a tray of eats"? Or Badrul Budoor have exclaimed, when shown her boudoir, "I reckon the whole world couldn't make such an apartment"? There are many such banalities, and occasional lapses into clumsy writing—"He then got up off her and Fatima arose"; "scraping the dirt off his body like lampwicks"; "he would not allow him to osculate the carpet"—but even so this modernised version is worth having if only as a contrast. The Tales have their own organic life. Deck them in any furbelow, the body is still the same.

Now turn from the merchants of Fez and Meknes to the citizens of Asgard. Their largeness and apparent simplicity make the Norse Gods easy to live with. They do not insist on their meaning but are calmly content to be taken at their face value. As a child I loved their sombre, excessive adventures, simply for the excitement. Today, having looked at them more closely I shudder when people speak of myth and fairy-tale as a form of wishful thinking. I ponder on Odin hanging for nine nights on Yggdrasil, offering himself to himself; on Odin paying the price of an eye for the gifts of memory and premonition; on Hod, all-blindness, forever slaying all-beauty, Balder. Wishful thinking! One laughs at the ridiculous phrase—hollow, unsmiling laughter. Barbara Leonie Picard has retold the tales with the gravity and lack of affectation they deserve. Children in particular will like this book for though each tale is complete in itself it is linked organically to the next, making a coherent whole.

Properly to enjoy fairy-lore one must live in the country and come to it young. The world of childhood, like that of the countryman, is intimate and local. Beyond the familiar landmarks—the tree, the bridge, the broken gate—lie the uttermost ends of the earth. For magic grows out of limitation. The man who believes in newspapers, who has the whole planet at his elbow, can never believe in fairies. But somebody living up the glen, bound in by a hill or a thorn hedge—that's a different matter. Every bush becomes a being and a sparrow is often not a sparrow. The shape of the sun runs past the window, a door blows open in solid rock. Everything is part of everything else. Given these conditions we are not surprised to discover, in D. Parry-Jones's *Welsh Legends*, a farmer who was lucky enough to see a fairy taking a bath; and another who put the front door of his house at the back to suit a fairy family who were living underneath it. There are stories of magic wells and caves and fairy vengeance and fairy gold, all told with elegance and discretion by a man who obviously learned them young. He does not argue; he merely leaves us with the impression—and this perhaps is the best method of persuasion—that there are facts *and* facts. I once saw what I was told was a leprechaun's shoe, very small and pointed and worn at the heel. I'm not saying it was one, mind you. And I'm not saying it wasn't.

If we need proof that at a certain level the world is really one world and frontiers merely arbitrary we have only to look at the fairy-tales and see how they repeat themselves. The same themes spring up everywhere, as though from a single spreading root, running underground. In *A Treasury of French Tales*, selected from Pourrat's famous collection, I have found many of our English favourites under different names. With a special bouquet of their own and charmingly translated by Mary Mian, it is lovely to meet the old friends with *fleurs de lys* in their hair.

But of all the five books, here's my favourite—*Forty-two Stories* from Hans Andersen, translated directly from the Danish by M. R. James, now reissued with new illustrations. Unlike the sturdier Brothers Grimm, Hans Andersen is one step away from the folk fairy-tale. His romanticism, his nostalgia and, yes, his occasional mawkishness, make him very much of our times. And the nearer we get to the modern the farther we are from the folk. But these forty-two stories, particularly the ones based on popular legend, are sinewy and fine. The translation fashions them all anew. It is so supple and simple—full of the true magical cadence yet with nothing too pretty, nothing too vague—that we get, possibly for the first time, a glimpse of the

originals as they really are. It strengthens Andersen's position in that great hierarchy of storytellers, the known and the unknown fairy-tale voices that speak the lively oracles of men.

P. L. TRAVERS

PICTURES AND MORE

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The Magic Currant Bun. By JOHN SYMONDS. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Little Boys and their Boats. By STEPHEN BONE and MARY ADSHEAD. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Amahl and the Night Visitors. By GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI and FRANCES FROST. *Dakers.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Little Steamroller. By GRAHAM GREENE and DOROTHY CRAIGIE. *Parrish.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Tim in Danger. By EDWARD ARDIZZONE. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

A picture-book, to please a child, need only keep him going, turning the pages to find out what happens next. But to be loved by a child—returned to again and again, made part of his private world—it must touch something deeper: a sense of mystery, perhaps, a sense of justice, a spring of affection. The books on my list have been chosen because each—though some only here and there in a flicker—does offer this further experience.

Madeline's Rescue, for me, falls into two unequal parts. The larger, I dislike: the line drawings (on a yellow background) of twelve little caricature girls and the false naive rhymes ("The new pupil was ever So helpful and clever. They never wanted her to leave And they called her Genevieve"). But the coloured pictures of Paris—Ile de la Cité, les Halles, Montmartre—are not only delightful but enticing: they invite the beholder to walk in, to speculate, to wonder what is round the corner.

Paris is again the main attraction in *The Magic Currant Bun*; only it is the detail of Paris daily life—the shops, the horse carts, the policemen—that is underlined in the pictures, rather than the city's romantic charm. The story, which involves a chase round Paris, a rain of straw hats from the Eiffel Tower and the conversion of the Bastille to Gruyère cheese—strikes me as incomparably better suited, both to background and audience, than that of Mr. Bemelmans'.

There is a purpose in *The Little Boys and their Boats*: to break up the general abstraction A Boat into particular boats, from punts and dinghies to coracles and catamarans. As the Little Boys go round with their friend the Master Mariner learning the special properties of each, the imagination is touched by more than the technical terms. For each boat is seen in its setting and the colour lithographs of these—whether a West Highland harbour, a New Guinea fishing village on poles, Henley or the Backs at Cambridge—have the power of suggesting in one scene a whole different world.

Amahl and the Night Visitors is a story based on Gian-Carlo Menotti's latest opera and incorporates the libretto. The Three Kings stop for a night on their way to Bethlehem, at the home of a lame boy; during their visit he is miraculously cured and goes on with them to the stable: Roger Duvoisin's pictures show them as glittering, Byzantine figures, like Yeats's Magi in their "stiff, painted clothes"; the words too have a ritual quality. There is refreshingly little Christmas sentiment, but a great sense of the Christmas mystery.

The steamroller is the latest vehicle to be supplied with a soul by the skilful and successful Greene-Craigie partnership. Adventure! Mystery! Detection! says the blurb; and indeed a steamroller is the means of unmasking Mr. King, the smuggler who perjures his way through the Customs with gold hidden in what he says is a child's brick ("He is looking sideways because he is telling a lie"). But, as in all this series, the book satisfies not only because the hero triumphs, but because justice is done. The bad, the sham, the bully, are worsted; the honest, the real, the brave come out on top; the world clicks into place.

Justice is served also in *Tim in Danger*, but there is more than justice involved, there is affection and loyalty. Edward Ardizzone deals in children, not carts or engines, and the warm feeling that his books generate comes, I think, from his acknowledgment of the strength and rightness of his children's feelings. Ginger mopes and runs away to sea: Tim and Charlotte follow in search and find themselves acting as cook and ship's boy in a boat with an unhappy second mate (no one ever remembers his birthday). There is hardship, collision, danger: it all works out, of course, but the reader has been given more than yet another happy ending, he has been let into a world where it is important that the unhappy should be comforted and that children should understand people as well as rescue them. And all this without, in text or pictures, one false or embarrassing note.

JANET ADAM SMITH

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Reprints of children's books include Rider Haggard's *Queen Sheba's Ring* (Macdonald, 8*s.* 6*d.*), John Buchan's excellent story *The Magic Walking-Stick* (Bodley Head, 9*s.* 6*d.*), *The Good Little Christmas Tree* by Ursula Moray Williams (Harrap, 9*s.*), Paul Gallico's *The Small Miracle* (Michael Joseph, 10*s.* 6*d.*), five of Marjorie Flack's Angus Books (Bodley Head, 4*s.* 6*d.* each), and finally, in smaller format than the original but otherwise unchanged, two Babars—*Babar the King* and *Babar's Travels* by Jean de Brunhoff (Methuen, 6*s.* each).

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On July 6, 1535, Sir Thomas More went, with Bishop Fisher, to the block. They were the first English recusants, for they had refused, to a Catholic sovereign, that supremacy over the Church which the Pope had already allowed to the Catholic—but now outraged—Crown of Spain. Afterwards, when England had become Protestant, the recusant laity acknowledged in More their prototype and protomartyr; at every crisis in their fortunes, his works were rehandled, his biography (or hagiography) rewritten; and they confidently assumed, as even Protestants also assumed, that he would soon, "after a 100 years expired," be canonised. Curiously they were wrong: More and Fisher were not canonised for four centuries; and some explanation is required of this surprising delay.

Partly, no doubt, it was due to the view held of More in Rome. Like Newman long afterwards, More was suspect as a Liberal Catholic, a Catholic who appealed (as he still appeals) to Protestants, who was indeed himself half-Protestant. Belonging to the age and sharing the views of his friend Erasmus, he had doubted the value of monasticism, wished to reduce the externals of worship, to admit lay reason into dogmatic studies, to meet Reform half-way and salvage thereby a purified religion. But in fact, when Rome was saved it was not by such measures: the Counter-Reformation was not a compliance with Reform but a defiance of it: monastic orders, images, miracles and mumbo-jumbo were not attenuated but multiplied; and Erasmus, who in his lifetime had been offered bishoprics and cardinalates, whom the Inquisitor-General himself had defended against superstitious friars, was after his death denounced and condemned, his books banned, his name suppressed, his disciples bullied into recantation or burnt. But for the accident of his great refusal and martyrdom, the posthumous history of More might well have been similar to that of his greatest friend.

But another and far stronger reason for the long neglect, at Rome, of Sir Thomas More lies no doubt in the obstinacy of his devoted successors, the English lay recusants. For over three centuries, they too, like him, clung to the image of an English, unpolitical, pre-Counter-Reformation Catholic Church, and laboured in consequence under the imputation of "liberal Catholicism," of anti-Romanism, even of crypto-Protestantism. It is this, I think, that makes them still, in history, attractive to Protestant readers: so attractive that, in spite of their negligible contribution to English life (how feebly they compare with other persecuted minorities—with Huguenots, Jansenists, Quakers, Jews!) they are still paraded before us as appropriate decoy-ducks by those Irish and Italianate clergy who, in the last century, finally crushed them.

The great age of the recusants was, of course, the age of Elizabeth: for that was the age of their greatest dilemma. They were Englishmen; they accepted—all but a few extremists—the fact of a rightful though Protestant Queen; and they hoped, by separating religion from politics, to practise their old religion, accommodated to a Protestant country, in peace. Mostly they were gentry; particularly they were backward gentry in remote counties, living on their estates, excluded—or excluding themselves—from other opportunities of enrichment; and gradually, as society hardened in its Protestant mould, they formed a rural freemasonry, inter-marrying only within the group. Scattered everywhere, most numerous in Lancashire and the North, their most active centre was in the rural Midlands. There the leaders of the recusant laity—Vauxes and Treshams, Catesbys and Throckmortons, Fermors and Brudenells—formed a compact nucleus, whose carefully orthodox marriage-alliances extended the system outwards into the larger world. Thus self-contained, why should they not, loyal and tolerated, preserve their private religion in their native land?

Alas, there was every reason why they should not. Their ambitions of peace and toleration were regarded, in Counter-Reformation Rome, as signs of contemptible sluggishness. "Toleration!" exclaimed Pope Clement VII, in reply to their supplications: "Do you wish to be among thorns without being pricked?" As for the separation of religion from politics, how could they entertain so naive a notion! For now the Roman Church was recovering lost ground; now the feeble days of Erasmus and More, the days of appeasement, were over; now religion *was* politics, and it was the duty of religious minorities everywhere not to seek toleration from their native governments but to act as the advanced fifth columns of an international headquarters. In 1570 the Pope declared Queen Elizabeth to be no longer a rightful Queen. In 1580 the first Jesuit missionaries landed in England to organise the fifth column, and the great dilemma penetrated, through the priest-holes, into the remote unpolitical country houses of England.

What were the recusants to do? On the one hand they welcomed the priests, devout, enterprising, persecuted men, who preserved for them the continuity of belief and ministration; on the other hand, they disclaimed the political designs of which these priests were the sometimes unconscious agents. It is true the priests told them not to subvert the Queen's government; but they told them so because they had been instructed to tell them so; and they could easily be instructed otherwise. At the moment it was not opportune to preach rebellion. At the moment it was more essential to build up and foster the Catholic body, so that a new Catholic monarch, when he could be inserted, might find an effective basis for his work. The failure of King Sigismund in Sweden—as afterwards of James II in England—was adequate proof of this necessity. So the Jesuits laboured to sustain and activate their innocent fifth column against the day when a Catholic Mary, or a Catholic James, or a Catholic Infanta should inherit the throne, and then suddenly—as in Poland, as in Bavaria, as in Belgium and the Rhineland, as afterwards in Bohemia—the apparatus of a Catholic despotism could rumble in and Protestantism be finally snuffed out. And if hope should fade or that day should be too long postponed? Then at any moment a change of tactics might bring it nearer. The same Jesuits who now preached acceptance, *pro tempore*, of Queen Elizabeth, were the inventors of the doctrine that rulers who displeased the Church ought to be destroyed by their subjects. Even the Catholic Philip III sent their offensive theories to the bonfire: small wonder that the Protestant ministers of Queen Elizabeth determined to strike not only at the immigrant priests, but also at the often innocent fellow-travellers who harboured them. It was all very well for Sir Thomas Tresham, the type of the loyal English recusant, to protest that he would defend Queen Elizabeth "against all persons without exception, be it Prince, Pope or potentate whosoever"; it was all very well for the missionaries to coo like sucking-doves to their "best beloved Princess"†; but why, the English Protestants asked, did these missionaries come straight from the dominions of the Queen's declared enemy, the King of Spain? Why did some of them, like Fr. Walpole, receive their instructions from the King of Spain in person? Why did the most influential of all the English Jesuits, Fr. Parsons, who was safely outside England, openly declare that the rightful ruler of England was not Queen Elizabeth but the King of Spain? And why did some enthusiasts continually hatch, around the refugee Queen Mary, their assassination-plots? The modern priestly biographers of the recusants, who hide behind the loyalty of the laymen at home, are discreetly silent about the politics of the priests abroad: the government, they scream, was "totalitarian"; and having said so, they slide naturally into such terms as Gestapo methods, Reichstag fires, and concentration camps. It does not occur to them that a society at war has the right to protect itself not only against traitors, but against their dupes; nor that their own predecessors, the Roman clergy of the sixteenth century, regarded the loyalty of the recusants not as a virtue but as a fault.

The dilemma of the recusants, between the Protestants and the priests, was of short duration. It lasted for one generation: then, with the Gunpowder Plot, all was over. The government used, indeed exploited the Plot to crush the political priests, and thereafter the recusants, relieved of this incubus, achieved their aim: they were loyal and, within limits, tolerated; even under the Republic they were not seriously persecuted; and although the schemes of enthusiastic priests, excited once again by the prospect of a Popish heir-presumptive, could unleash terrible passions, the laity on the whole remained quiet: it was converts and timeservers, not the reluctant recusants, who forced the pace under James II. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the recusants, freed for two centuries from their Counter-Reformation priests, were as prosperous, as liberal, as "half-Protestant" as in the days of Sir Thomas More. Some were even more liberal. The Pope they dismissed as "a foreign prelate", "popery"—that is, the new superstitions of the Counter-Reformation—they explicitly disclaimed; and Sir John Throckmorton was even prepared to recommend that English Catholics should swear to a Protestant King that Oath of Supremacy which More had so fatefully refused to the Catholic, if schismatical, Henry VIII. Only one hurdle had still to be crossed: legal

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* *Vaux of Harrowden, a Recusant Family.* By Godfrey Anstruther. *R. H. Johns, Newport, Mon.* 25s.

† *Southwell's An Humble Supplication to Her Maiestie.* Edited by R. C. Bald. *Cambridge.* 15s.

emancipation. If that could be granted the recusants would have nothing left to refuse: they would be as free as Protestants in the Protestant world. And why should they not be emancipated? Did not they too, they protested, like other Englishmen, believe fundamentally in "freedom of thought and toleration"?

Alas, like so many dreams of the eighteenth century, this hope of the recusants—the "Cisalpines," as they were now called—dissolved in the nineteenth. The nineteenth century was once again the age of the priests, and long and bitter was the battle which, through three generations, they fought to victory. The violent, unscrupulous Milner, with his Irish allies in the vendetta against "the encroachments and aberrations of powerful laymen"; the ascetic, inflexible, *intrigant* Manning with his Italian politics and mystical exaltation of the priestly office; the hard, narrow zealot Vaughan with his unsympathetic organiser's efficiency—these were the architects of victory; and their enemies and victims were always the same: the laity, the old recusants who had escaped, in 1605, from an international political priesthood. "Liberty of thought and toleration" indeed! Were not these the doctrines which the Popes of the sixteenth century had condemned as "detestable," "abominable" heresies? In 1864 Pius IX, in the same terms, condemned them again. Why should the laity demand emancipation? Once again, did they expect to live among thorns without being pricked? Emancipation from the prickly hedgerow, it was clear to Dr. Milner, meant emancipation also from the prickly hedge-priest; and so he waged against it, and against the "lay juntos" which advocated it, his long delaying action. The universities at last opened their doors to Catholic laymen; for forty years Archbishop Manning forbade them to go in. The laity, he declared, must be kept away from English influences: they must be educated by priests alone. In despair the laity sought to express themselves in print: their ventures were stifled: Acton's reviews, the *Rambler* and the *Home and Foreign Review*, were suppressed by Manning, the *Tablet* was bought up by Vaughan, and the Catholic Press thus fell entirely into priestly hands. It was for writing an article on consulting the laity in matters of dogma that Newman fell, at Rome, into his deepest disfavour. What is the province of the laity? asked Cardinal Wiseman; and answered: to finance, assist and defend the Church, but on no account to be consulted. "What is the province of the laity?" echoed Manning's agent in Rome; and answered even more firmly: "to hunt, to shoot, to entertain," but on no account to interfere in religion. "Dr Newman is the most dangerous man in England," he wrote to the Archbishop, "and you will see that he will make use of the laity against Your Grace"; and he urged him to strike hard, lest the Holy Father "begin to regret Cardinal Wiseman, who knew how to keep the laity in order." "Dr. Newman," he declared further, in language that Fr. Parsons might have used of Sir Thomas Tresham, "is more English than the English. His spirit must be crushed."

Thus, in the nineteenth century the old dilemma of the recusants, between England and Rome, between Protestants and priests, returned. But whereas in 1605 they had escaped from their priests, by 1905—thanks to Irish reinforcements—the priests had recaptured them. The battle was over, and the gratified conquerors prepared magnanimously to throw a few sops to their now finally defeated victims. Having carefully emptied them of their intellectual contents, they decided to restore to them, as mascots, the great names of their former champions. First Newman, whose broken, aged body was robed in purple shortly before his doctrines were officially condemned by Pius X. Then Acton, who had denounced the policy of the Counter-Reformation Papacy as organised murder, but who, when he was safely dead, and his letters had been safely expurgated by an abbot, was duly hailed (against a Jesuit protest) as a great Catholic historian. By 1935, the Church judged it safe at last to canonise the great hero of the lay recusants, Sir Thomas More. And now the recusants themselves—the Treshams and Vauxes—have become heroes, and clerical biographers* praise them for that "English national spirit" which, at the time, Fr. Parsons so desperately denounced and which, long afterwards, it was Cardinal Manning's greatest boast to have crushed. Dead as mutton, the recusants can still serve to bait a priestly trap. Come unto us, say the Roman clergy, follow me, says Mr. Evelyn Waugh (for in the intellectual emptiness of modern English Catholicism only the snob-appeal is left) . . . and join the old English recusants in their armigerous tombs.

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It takes a whole heart's effort to see all
The human plenum as a single ens.

The word on the objective breath must be
A wind to winnow the emotive out;
Music can generalize the inner sea
In dark harmonics of the blinded heart;
But, hot with certainty and keen with doubt,
Verse sweats out heartfelt knowledge, clear-eyed art.

Is it, when paper roses make us sneeze,
A mental or a physical event?
The word can freeze us to such categories,
Yet verse can warm the mirrors of the word
And through their loose distortions represent
The scene, the heart, the life, as they occurred.

—In a dream's blueness or a sunset's bronze
Poets seek the images of love and wonder,
But absolutes of music, gold or swans
Are only froth unless they go to swell
That harmony of science pealing under
The poem's waters like a sunken bell.

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Mr. Johnston is as near the "natural man" as anyone so articulate as he is could be. And the first unusual thing that strikes one about his book is that here for the first time for a long while is writing about war which accepts the facts without striking any moral attitude whatsoever. Ever since 1915 we have become so accustomed to the colour of guilt or indignation or apology in descriptions of war experience that at first we may find ourselves a little embarrassed to be without it, as if we had suddenly discovered that we had gone out this morning and forgotten to put on a tie. Mr. Johnston experiences the war without apologetics or heroics, without forcing the virility or covering up the squalor, without inveighing against man's folly or God's, without apologising for what he found satisfying and without excusing the inexcusable.

Certainly it was easier to maintain this attitude in the Desert Campaign where the armies were virtually isolated, as it were in a great boxing-ring, fighting it out. And in this campaign there grew up that half-humorous respect for each other among the fighting men on each side which always gives the Authorities so many headaches. Mr. Johnston takes particular pleasure in nailing atrocity lies and in recording stories of human behaviour between enemies. "For men on the whole are sane, and it is a good thing to be able to say so."

Mr. Johnston clings to this belief as long as he is able to. Human behaviour is his subject, and the humanity that is common to enemies and allies, fighting men and base wallahs and even newspaper correspondents. As an Irish Protestant he is always ready for an argument on God or Liberalism or the English or Time or Divorce, and there will always be someone around to take the other side, an intelligent General or a gentlemanly *Times* correspondent or a combative priest:

> But as we sipped our cups of coffee after this excellent meal, I noticed that my tin of cigarettes had disappeared, and as I looked around the table for the most likely person to have pinched it my eye fell upon a great tough Chaplain from Kerry, with the face of Mussolini and a string of decorations for gallantry under fire. This gentle shepherd was slipping my cigarettes into his pocket—Oh no, Father, I said. Those are heretical cigarettes. You can't have those.
>
> With a half smile, he let them go and we settled down to discuss the lift I was proposing to give him to Assisi. Usually I like Catholic priests. I like their bluff, peasant intelligence and their complete lack of the apologetic manner of so many Protestant clerics. That they are rascals I am prepared to concede—rascals running the tail end of the best racket the world has ever seen. But they are open, honest rascals, and as soon as they know you do not belong to them, they are often the best of company.

As an Irish Protestant too, Mr. Johnston in Germany rebelled against the non-fraternisation order and the unconditional surrender policy which made the over-running of Germany something altogether more grim and inhuman than had been the case in the more relaxed atmosphere of the advance on Rome. He was attached to the Americans and this, it is true, gave him riches for his humorous eye and reporting ear. But ahead the horror loomed. His belief in the essential sanity of men turns a corner and finds itself walking through the living graveyard of Buchenwald. In the end I don't think Mr. Johnston has succeeded in imposing a wholly satisfactory shape on his mass of material. The verse play fragments, for instance, seem to lie right outside the design. But his book remains rich, vigorous, packed, and instinct with the vitality of a humorous, humane many-sided man.

In *The Grace of Forgetting* Mr. Winthrop Young is also largely concerned with war experience, also as a non-combatant. His war is the 1914 one, in which after a brief spell as a correspondent he organised the Friends' Ambulance Unit which so magnificently attended and alleviated the total destruction of Ypres by the Germans, and which afterwards moved to the Italian Front and was in at the disaster of Caporetto. No one could be farther from the natural man than Mr. Winthrop Young, and his approach is altogether more stately than Mr. Johnston's. His journey towards the horror starts in the temperate Thames valley in the Edwardian hey-day. It is there, too, that he begins his book, with an entrancing evocation of a boyhood spent on the Thames whose gentle summer face, all smiles and charm, can switch in winter into something altogether wilder and more treacherous, which gave adventurous-minded boys in canoes a stern run for their money.

Mr. Winthrop Young has described elsewhere his love of mountains and climbing them. Here he includes two arduous journeys into the wilds—as then they anyhow were—to Mount Athos and to the interior of Asiatic Turkey. The love of adventure, an almost mystical worship of hard living and the testing of one's powers of endurance, these are finer fruits of one kind of Edwardian upbringing, and they were to stand their possessors in good stead at the great test of their generation. The measured good sense, the equanimity and balance that rode high above disaster can be easily discerned behind this account (which of course never mentions such qualities) of two tragic episodes in the Great War. Had Mr. Denis Johnston—transported, let us imagine to the earlier war—met Mr. Winthrop Young at Ypres or Caporetto, he would, I dare say, have

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had a certain amount of fun at the expense of the grand manner; but he wouldn't have failed, too, to recognise the virtues (with something of the old Roman about them) by which such people rode the storm and came out of it with their beliefs still unshattered.

T. C. WORSLEY

WHAT IS SCIENCE?

Science and the Social Order. By BERNARD BARBER. *Allen & Unwin.* 20s.

Mr. Barber has written a sober and well-documented book on science as a social activity: not on science as a logical method, or as a system of magic, or a panacea for all ills, or a source of all evil, but as "a set of behaviors taking place in a human society." As such, science is recognised as an exceedingly complex activity; for an adequate view of it one must consider at least the psychology of scientists and the economic forces which act on them, the extent to which scientific knowledge is based on logical or deductive systems and the ways in which it reflects contemporary needs or ideas.

Mr. Barber recognises all this, and his generalities are often exceptionally clear and sensible. "The social consequences of science," he writes,

> . . . are social and political problems that can only be managed by the social and political process. . . . Clemenceau once remarked that war was much too important to be left to the military. In the same fashion, science and its consequences are much too important to be left to the scientists.

On the often neglected topic of invention and discovery there is an excellent chapter. Despite the social influences which act on the scientist and his work, the individual character of the scientist is still important. This "is often concealed by that impersonal and perfectionist way in which scientific discoveries are commonly reported." We know all too little of the details of the process of discovery, and the scientists who make the discoveries are sometimes remarkably unclear on how they did so. Those who do comment on the subject are liable to be paradoxical: Claude Bernard remarked that an unsuccessful experiment could produce an excellent observation, and that therefore there were no unsuccessful experiments.

Mr. Barber is an American, and evidently a social scientist. As an example of his objectivity we may quote his observation that

> The changes that have occurred in several parts of the Soviet social structure have been of the kind that is favourable to the development and maintenance of a high level of scientific activity.

On the whole, however, it is when he comes to the specific and the contemporary that Mr. Barber becomes disappointing. Four of the eleven chapters deal with scientists and science in the United States, and in these we find that the democratic nature of American society is taken for granted. That some scientists in the States still find themselves relatively free and comfortable we need not doubt; others are neither. And it is not long since American geneticists joined with others at an international conference in voting against the holding of scientific conferences in any country which barred the entry of scientists on political or other discriminatory grounds. This motion was explicitly directed against the United States. To ignore these unhappy features of the American scene is to mislead the reader. Mr. Barber is consistently uncritical throughout this portion of the book.

Just as Mr. Barber seems to shrink from the reality which surrounds him, so he fails in the end to propound any general synthesis. How can we ensure that science and its applications develop for human good? *Science and the Social Order* suggests no clear set of answers. However, to ask, with Mr. Barber, "What is Science?" is to ask a fundamental question about the nature of man. It is not surprising that he fails to reach a satisfying conclusion.

ANTHONY BARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Priest. By BÉATRIX BECK. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

The Violins of Saint-Jacques. By PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR. *Murray* and *Verschoyle.* 9s. 6d.

The Victorian Chaise-longue. By MARGHANITA LASKI. *Cresset.* 8s. 6d.

Infidelity. By RICHARD CHASE. *Hogarth Press.* 12s. 6d.

Béatrix Beck's impressive novel, *Léon Morin, Prêtre,* which received the *Prix Goncourt* of 1952, has now appeared in English as *The Priest.* It was Gide who not only temporarily rescued the author from her struggles to make a living by any job that came to hand, but encouraged her to write this fiercely honest book, inspired by beliefs so different from his own. Barny Aronovitch's painful return to religion begins when, as a near-Communist, she deliberately goes into a confessional to insult an unknown priest. Proud, critical and sensuous, she has affection for no one but her young daughter. Her Jewish husband has died at the front but, if she helps other Jews escape the Gestapo, it is from a cold sense of duty rather than compassion. The priest she finds is a remarkable young man, impatient of the somnolently pious and concerned only with essentials. Morin is hard-headed and clear-sighted, full of supernatural charity, but apt to take risks which a priest of the old school would avoid. Aware that he is attracted to Barny but confident of his own self-control, he treats her with friendly severity, humbling her pride and piercing her pretentions. It is she herself who convinces him that her conversion is authentic. Barny's increasing awareness both of the inexorable demands of the spiritual life and of her love for Morin, which she tries by every means to repress, mounts to an unbearable tension. On a wild impulse she tries to seduce him. He stands firm, and the few brief interviews between them after this scene are remarkable for their restraint and depth of understanding. *The Priest* is set in a small French town before and during the liberation. With brief, sharp strokes Béatrix Beck sketches in a number of acutely observed characters living in that violent, chaotic atmosphere which brought out the best and the worst in them.

It is hard to judge what impression this novel will make in Constantine Fitzgibbon's translation. Admittedly the translator had an exceptionally difficult task. Conversation, always the crucial test, plays an immensely important part and much of the French dialogue is in coarse, vivid slang for which there is no natural English equivalent. But, surely, a very little inquiry would have given Mr. Fitzgibbon the everyday religious idiom. No Roman Catholic talks of "taking Communion," "confessing themselves," or "telling" the rosary. Other faults come from sheer carelessness, as when he misreads a perfectly straightforward passage about people finding it difficult to follow the Mass in their missals into the absurd suggestion that no text of the Mass exists for the laity. Religious solecisms, though particularly irritating in a book of this type, are, however, more excusable than the clumsiness of translating "*Moi, je . . .*" as "Me, I . . ." and avoiding the straightforward English form of the question. The talk, so fresh and characteristic of each speaker in the French, all too frequently becomes flat, stilted jargon. If only translators would write plain English!

The Violins of St. Jacques plunges one into a very different French atmosphere, that of the flamboyant, effete aristocrats on a Caribbean island where, even in 1903, the *tricolore* has not displaced the lilies. Patrick Leigh Fermor has composed a brilliant set-piece, a kind of verbal ballet in which exotic new patterns are constantly forming until the eruption of a volcano finally eclipses the fireworks of the Count de Serindan's Mardi-Gras ball and buries the dancers forever. It is written with deliberate, sometimes over-conscious artifice, scattered with French and native words and adorned with litanies of pictur-

esque names. He has a fine visual imagination, shown to the full in the description of the fiery destruction of St. Jacques as seen from a small schooner. Yet, in spite of the loving erudition, the delight in exotic sights, sounds, faces and dresses and the skill with which he builds up to his grand climax, for me it remained little more than a splendid spectacle. I was too conscious of the producer in the wings, deliberately creating his effects, to be moved by any predicament of his characters, though Mr. Leigh Fermor can describe the outward signs of emotion as brilliantly as he describes a dance. After I had read the book, I heard an Indian say on the wireless that, to the Indian musician, the creation of atmosphere for its own sake, was not art, but magic. This gave me an illuminating clue to my reactions.

Marghanita Laski, in *The Victorian Chaise-longue*, brings off—or perhaps does not quite bring off—another imaginative *tour de force*. A lighthearted young wife of today, suffering from tuberculosis, falls asleep on the ugly, "amusing" Victorian piece she has whimsically bought for her charming Regency house and finds herself in the body of another girl dying on it in the last century. Whether or not we are really meant to believe that Mélanie was Milly in a former life, the device enables Miss Laski to create an authentic sense of terror and frustration. Mélanie's frantic efforts to force herself back to the present, her confused identity, the sharp physical reminders that what she is experiencing appears to be real, give one a genuine feeling of nightmare. Unfortunately, though the dream or the experience are vividly conveyed, the characters in the Milly sequence are hardly more than conventional Victorian dummies.

Yet, turning to Richard Chase's first novel, *Infidelity*, how grateful one is for Miss Laski's direct style. The characters of *Infidelity* are so wrapped in cloudy, repetitive layers of their private thoughts and associations that the general effect is a suffocating, though occasionally luminous fog. With Mr. Chase we return to France after the war with neurotic young English ex-soldier and his widowed mother to pick up the threads of their life in a château in Burgundy. There is much that is acute and sensitive in the book, particularly the shadow of the dead father which comes not only between Dominic and the girl Madeleine whom he loved as a boy and would like to love again but between himself and his dying mother who keeps vainly trying to find her husband in her son. Immensely pruned and brought into sharper focus, *Infidelity* might have been a fairly good novel.

ANTONIA WHITE

THE DUMPLING IS FORLORN

Nineteenth Century Plays. Edited by GEORGE ROWELL. *Oxford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Of the ten plays in this batch only one, Robertson's *Caste*, remains in the repertory. The texts of the others have been disinterred, sometimes literally, from the Lord Chamberlain's vaults. I wonder if this sort of resurrectionism in the World's Classics Series doesn't need rather more justification than it has been given? Mr. George Rowell dates his preface from the Department of Drama of the University of Bristol, and he has spared no pains on his texts—for instance one of them is "a recension of three printed versions and the Lord Chamberlain's manuscript copy." This is no edition for "the blandishments of burlesque," it is theatre scholarship, sad brow, true maid.

The titles of the chosen plays show there is to be no nonsense about literary merit either—*Ticket of Leave Man* is one of them—the editor insists on his disclaimer ,though he goes on to argue (mistakenly I think) that his authors possess another interest: "They made few pretences to intellectual or literary gifts but they were craftsmen of the theatre." Then Mr. Rowell must believe that theatre craftsmanship can be something quite separate from literature, otherwise the basis of his collection is shaky.

Even with two universities to back it, does such a belief make sense? To me it seems dubious. For what is dramatic merit? Imaginative truth, coherence, vitality, conflict and dialogue with a pinch of salt. Yet are not these simply the literary virtues? Then are there perhaps plays which possessing none of these once moved audiences? Of course. Bad writing is always with us. In the last century as well as in others there were best sellers and smash hits. They have their interest for social history and for burlesque, which is a form of social history, but they are hardly world's classics.

To do him justice, with the exception of that brash piece of commercial cheesecake, *The Bells*, Mr. Rowell has denied himself any of the century's smash-hits. Instead he has chosen the strange category of what was in its own day "acceptable material"—his own phrase. And surely the proper fate of acceptable material is to be buried in vaults? We can retain interest in the remarkable, even the remarkably bad, and a dramatisation printed here of *Lady Audley's Secret* makes lurid nonsense. Otherwise too many of these plays are jog-trot commercial or faded literature. The exceptions are Dion Boucicault's *The Colleen Bawn*, a dull play though its Irish dialogue has a slight edge, Robertson's *Caste* and Douglas Jerrold's *Black Ey'd Susan*. This last is the only one in the batch derived from the "illegitimate" folk-drama of the early years of the century, and it has some of the alive-and-kicking quality of its disreputable origins. And *Caste* of course is alive and kicking still.

Nineteenth-century drama—like eighteenth-century drama—has a beginning and an end but not much in the middle. This volume leaves the void still aching and seems to me unfair to both ends. Is it significant or not that Coleridge's *The Remorse* was a success at Drury Lane in 1813? I think it probably is. Macready enjoyed himself just as much in *Rob Roy*, in Byron's *Sardanapalus* and in Browning's *Strafford* as in the rather flat comedy, Bulwer-Lytton's *Money*, printed here. There was more in Irving's repertory than *The Bells*. In this volume the *fin de siècle* is represented by *A Pair of Spectacles*, produced in 1890, a year after the first London production of *A Doll's House*. Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, and W. S. Gilbert make no appearance, presumably because they are better than "acceptable." Wilde has not made his bow. Perhaps we are to have another volume. I am afraid this one is the apt product of the fallacy that dramatic writing and good writing are different things—a dumpling, rather sad, with no apple in the middle.

MONTAGU SLATER

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,241

Set by Marmaduke Dench

A policeman who is no respecter of persons arrests Father Christmas *alias* Santa Claus on Christmas night. He is charged with attempted burglary.

The usual prizes are offered for extracts (not exceeding 150 words) from either (a) the observations of the magistrate who deals with the case; or (b) comments upon it in the *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Worker*, a *Times* Fourth Leader, or "A London Diary" in the *New Statesman*. Entries by December 15.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,238

Set by C. L. Drummond

Competitors are asked to produce a clerihew *or* 4-line epigram on the earlier and earlier appearance each year in the shops of Father Christmas and Christmas gifts.

Report by C. L. Drummond

A large entry, with some competitors firing off shot after shot. Favourite themes: decasualisation of Santa Claus; hideous possibility of confusion if the Christmas season should exceed twelve months; the shrinking powers of the purse compared with the

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expanding policy of the shops; thoughts arising out of the rhyme "earlier-surlier." The standard was high, and a dozen deserve printing: prizes of a guinea each to those asterisked, honourable mention to the others, and to G. Wilson Smith, Frances Lobb, M. M. M., Lakon, Stanley J. Sharpless and J. S.

EPIGRAMS

*An hour sufficed the Shepherds once, to bring
Their simple tributes to our Heavenly King:
Today, the Common Man two months expends
In buying presents for his earthly friends.

H. A. C. EVANS

*Saint Nicholas or Santa Claus
The Children's Patron Saint is rather
Less of a Saint today because
He's now a very "Early Father."

H. D. OWEN BROWN

*Santa's a Red, to all who are not blind,
And here, quite plainly, is his contribution.
His premature appearance is designed
To bring a new October revolution.

LESLIE JOHNSON

*Few dealers in the Christmas trade are scorning
To give the shopper early radar warning;
For each year Santa comes a greater distance,
And jet-propelled he blasts through sales resistance

R. HEMINGTON

Christmas comes but once a year
But owing to its revenue
It comes in quicker every year
And takes much longer passing through.

PAT BULLEN

We who await in unsaid fear
The Christless birth of each new year
Fumble to touch with obtuse haste
The half-believed-in birth of Christ.

J. P. STEVENSON

CLERIHEWS

*Good King Wenceslas
Said: "You must have lost your senceslas;
We aren't even
Within six months of the Feast of Stephen."

GERALD PRIESTLAND

*As the world gets surlier
Christmas gets earlier.
Can anyone spot
What causes what?

EDWARD BLISHEN

Father Christmas takes his farewell flight
On Twelfth Night,
But in the go-ahead retail establishments of Great Britain he
May return in time for Epiphany.

APPLE TREE

Soon
(probably from the moon)
Santa will be rocketed into the Universal Store
the year before.

ARTHUR HUGHES

If it made sales brisker
The stores would have Santa Claus always under whisker:
Every year they narrow the isthmus
Between Christhmus and Christhmus.

GOODWILL

CHESS: Winning a Loss

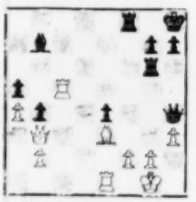
No. 218

It may well be argued that this is merely the other side of last week's medal and that one can win a loss simply by sitting opposite the one who loses a win. Superficially that may be so, but what matters is the initiative. Last week's loser really did his unwitting best to lose his win, and this week we can watch Frank Marshall going on imperturbably to win what should have been a lost game, and rightly so, since Janowski (White) was just as determined to win it. Watch his 37th move for the one and fatal slip. Here is the position reached after the 22nd move when Janowski decided to throw caution (as well as his Q-wing) to the wind and to go all out for the attack; nor was his optimism unjustified, but then this happened at Cambridge Springs, 1904 where Marshall just couldn't do wrong, coming triumphantly ahead of Lasker and Janowski, with Tchigorin, Schlechter and Pillsbury as the also-rans. Yet, this one game made all the difference for Janowski who, had he won it, would have shared 1st instead of 2nd prize.

(23) P-KR4!	Q x RP	(41) P-Kt4	Q x Q ch
(24) P-KR5	P-KR3	(42) R x Q	B x P!
(25) B-R4	R-B6	(43) P x B	R-B7 ch!
(26) Q-Kt4	QR-QB1	(44) K-Kt3	R-Q6 ch
(27) K-R2	Q-B1	(45) K-B4	R-B5 ch
(28) R-K4	B-B3	(46) R-K4	R x R ch
(29) R-B4	K-R2	(47) K x R	R-Q2
(30) P-B3	B-Q4	(48) K-B4	P-R5
(31) Q-Kt3	B-B5	(49) P-Kt5	P x P ch
(32) R-QR1	P-R4	(50) K x P	P-R6
(33) R-Kt4	B-Q6	(51) K-R6!	R-R2!
(34) B-B6!	P x B	(52) R-R7 ch	K-Kt1
(35) P x P	R-Q1!	(53) R-Kt7 ch	K-B1
(36) R-K1	K-R1	(54) K-R7	K-K1
(37) R-K5??	B-B4	(55) K-Kt8	P-R7
(38) R-Kt7	R x QP	(56) P-R6	P queens
(39) R-QKt5	R(6)-B5	(57) P-R7	
(40) Q-K5	Q-Q3		

Here Marshall could have won at once by (57) . . . R-R1! But he played Q x P and it took him another 17 moves to break his opponent's staunch resistance. But, of course, Janowski could have won had he played (37) Q-B4, followed by R-Kt7; a Q-swop could then have been avoided by R-K5. We owe it to M. Beheim-Schwarzbach (*Knaurs Schachbuch, Munich* 1953) to have revived this great struggle and a good many other fine games, played during the last 100 years.

A: Rossolimo



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Black forced his opponent's resignation by two truly smashing moves. **B**—White to win—may be underrated with 6 ladder-points, but for the helpful hint that this shrewd little study leads to one of the "standard" end-game positions. **C**—White to draw—is a classic, well worth 7 points for those who do not know it yet. Usual prizes. Entries by Dec. 14.

B: L. Nyeviczkey 1932

C: A. Troitzky 1898

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 14

A: (24) . . . B x P ch. (25) K x B, Q-R7 ch. (26) K-K3, Q-R4 ch. (27) K-B2, Q x Kt ch. (28) R-K2, Kt-K5 ch. (29) B x Kt, Q x R ch. (30) K-Kt 3, Q-KR7 ch, etc.

B: (1) Kt-Q4 ch, K-B4. (2) P-K7, R-K3 ch! (3) Kt x R, K-Q3. (4) P-K8 (R!).
if (2) . . . R x Kt ch. (3) K-K3, R-Q8. (4) K-K2!

C: (1) P-Kt7, R-QKt4. (2) R-Q8!, B-Kt7. (3) P queens ch. R x Q. (4) P-B7!, R-Kt7 ch. (5) K-B1!, R-Kt3. (6) R-Kt8 ch, K-B2. (7) R x B, R-QB3 ch. (8) R-QB2, etc.
(6) R-Q7 ch would merely lead to a draw.

Many were (more or less) stumped by **C**, even more by **B**. Prizes shared by E. Allan, E. A. Barclay-Smith, E. W. Carmichael, D. E. Cohen. Equally flawless solutions by G. S. Fisher and A. Schneider. *Non-Londoners' 18th move B-K3. The game must be adjourned for a few weeks while I am abroad.*

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OLDER stud. L.S.E., interested music, sks. rm. reasonable privacy, bkfast., meals weekends, occasional use good piano; near city, approximately £3 p. week. Box 3638.

WOMAN teacher, 3 young children, urgently seeks basement flat or other accommodation (pref. unfurnished) London. Goody, 56 Maids Causeway, Cambridge.

EDINBURGH. Youngish businessman seeks accom. as family, country outside Edinburgh where progressive, cheerful company & civilising influence available. Box 3137.

WHERE TO STAY

MANOR House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, Devon. A first-class Hotel with 18-hole golf course adjoining, set amidst scenic splendour of Glorious Devon and enjoying its coveted winter sunshine. The Resident Manager will be happy to give details.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing. 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

QUIET Guest House, lovely Cotswold Valley. Own produce. 4-6 gns. Finnyson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.) St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

WELCOMBE Hotel, Stratford-upon-Avon. An elegant hotel with 40 acres of grounds which once belonged to Shakespeare. Open during winter, Welcombe exudes the peaceful air of an older England. The Resident Manager will attend to your requirements personally.

DON'T spend a lonely Christmas. Join a happy family party (all adults) in a lovely country house, overlooking the sea, in sunny South Devon. Log fires, good food and the best of Christmas cheer. Mrs. Edwards, Grafton Towers, Salcombe. Tel. 282.

TANKERTON-on-Sea, Kent. Enjoy Xmas. Fiveways Hotel, Kingsdown Park. Country house atmosphere; sheltered, large grounds; excellent food. Spacious bedrooms C.H. Moderate. Tel. Whitstable 3243.

CHRISTMAS in the country, with good food, pleasant companionship, homely atmosphere, every comfort and convenience amidst delightful surroundings. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263).

OXFORD 6 miles. Croft House, Burcot, near Abingdon. Autumn holidays, Winter residence. Fishing, Tennis, Billiards. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. Chilton Hampden 232.

CONVALESCENCE or Rest? Winter holiday? All those needing warmth and comfort in "Britain's Best Winter Climate" (town claim) should write for informative brochure. Early enquiry advised (fully booked most last winter) 4½/6½gns. twin-bedded rooms; £5 18s / £8 single rooms (according floor and size). All prices inc. gratuities, afternoon tea, fresh fruit daily, baths, htg. in bedrooms (cent. htg. everywhere). Shamberlands, h. & c., two Lounges. Bkfst. in bed. No lift. Meat or Vegetarian. Small, well-appointed, friendly hotel rec. by readers (references gladly). Phone Hastings 4784. Normanhurst P./Hotel, Sea front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. 3 mile Prom., opp. covered walk. Nr. Sun Lounge orchestra, also London Philharmonic.

SPECIAL Offer, December! Of interest to those who must avoid inland fogs and mists. Twin bedded top floor rooms £3 13s. 6d. e/blv.; singles £4 14s. 6d.; incl. everything as Normanhurst advert. above.

THERE'S only one way to rest. Get away from home and the odd jobs. Have breakfast in bed. Good food and deep sleep, fresh air at Kitchen Bitten's hotel, Old Plow Hutch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead.

CORNWALL. Trehirrock Manor. "Beautiful just now." Come enjoy Xmas and early Spring, flowers in January. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. T.V. second lounge. Billiards. Table tennis. Golf St. Enodoc. For Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne, Polzeath (finest surf bathing). Sailing Padstow. Salmon, trout. Centre King Arthur's country. Excellent cuisine. Jersey cream. All comforts. Open all year. Five hours' London. 9gns. Fort Isaac 234. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

GENUINE Homely welcome to all nationalities at Christmas Country House Party. Mod. comforts. Excellent cuisine. Box 3692.

TREGENNA Castle Hotel, St. Ives, Cornwall. For winter warmth and sunshine—gracious country house hotel standing above the fine old Cornish harbour with Mediterranean climate. The Resident Manager will be happy to give details.

CÔTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel; Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Reduced rates Oct. to June. Illustrated brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

PENSION Thelia. Pleasant garden, near Pantheon. 25s daily. Reduction for meals not taken. 75 Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris, V.

To a young man with ideals

THE SENSITIVE and intelligent youngster of today may well wonder at the world. To what newspaper can he turn for truth, for idealism, for the sane view? Let him—before he dismisses modern journalism as vulgar or corrupt—try reading the Manchester Guardian.

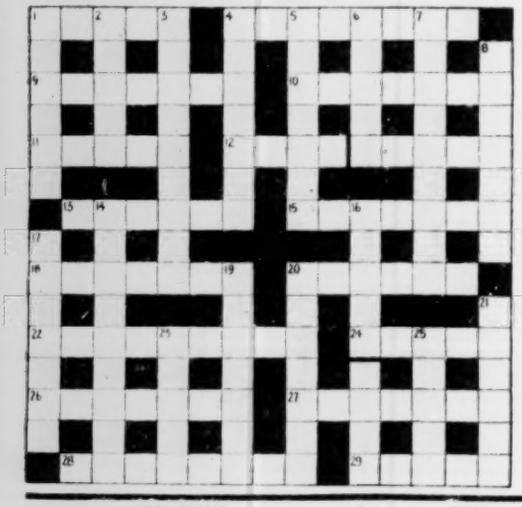
In the Manchester Guardian he will, to begin with, find clear, crisp writing. He will find accuracy and conscience; tolerance to temper judgment. He will be mixing with minds which have kept, if not their illusions, at least their ideals.

This young reader will in fact be joining the company of a newspaper whose fame has stood long and spread far. The Manchester Guardian is a newspaper of modest circulation—which you will nevertheless find on the desks of intelligent men and women all over the world.

If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.

Week-end Crossword No. 77

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 77, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 15th Dec



ACROSS

1. Refuse to banter (5).
4. It sounds as if she would wed for money (8).
9. Type a brief reply for William & Co. (7).
10. For the record he may go through the usual channels (7).
11. Jobs for sentries? (5).
12. Weather situation, but not necessarily at the seaside in winter (4, 5).
13. Curling paper useful for decorative effect (6).
15. Easier relations (7).
18. Twain (7).
20. Broadcasting channels? (6).
22. They are in the room where the bears sleep (9).
24. Cut a man and get married (5).
26. Before the little one is a recluse (7).
27. Jingle and Rachael, for example (7).
28. This will not flare up at bosses if dispersed (8).
29. What they are stocking in many London shops (5).

DOWN

1. Imitation round an overhead covering (6).
2. Measures which may produce a scare (5).
3. Droop over the weight of the paving (9).
4. Round America one may find claim for this kind of entertainment (7).
5. Stole, but made a noise (7).
6. Johnson described it as a species of idleness (5).
7. Ridiculed a man mixed up with a poodle (9).
8. Waste food (7).
14. Eric Welsh's modern verse (9).
16. A soft contact to stop the game (5, 4).
17. Looked grim in expression although almost completely hooded (7).
19. Perhaps sets about a cartoonist in the most leisurely way (7).
20. Relations in hospital (7).
21. The game is over and it is all up for the inventor (6).
23. Shoot at a bird (5).
25. Infantry movement necessary for transport (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 75

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 75

Rev. D. Hodgson (Winchester), Peter Clive (Paris), James McClement (Glasgow).

PERSONAL

HELP required, temporary, part or full-time, for backward child of 4½ years. Apply Box 3594.

FOREIGN Lady, travelling Europe Jan. & Feb., offers expenses to lady companion to drive car & teach English. Knowledge French/German preferred. Box 3558.

FATHER, not impecunious, three undomesticated teen-age offspring, would welcome alternative to servantless Xmas. Suggestions invited. Box 3701.

LADY would do baby sitting or housework twice a week in exchange for quiet room near Central London. References. Box 3581.

YNG. woman college lect. sks. quiet accom. London Christmas/Easter/Summer vacations. Any suggestions? Box 3790.

CAPABLE young woman, 21, good with children, seeks part time work; would take French children for walks and talk English. Irregular hours acceptable. Box 3539.

STUDENT (m.) 27, seeks interesting employment 2 or 3 weeks from December 19. Any type of work considered. Box 3690.

WISH travel N. Africa Jan., retd. wom. teachr (59) sks. comp. (1). Box 3685.

PRIVATE loan of £250 required, would repay £300 by 12 mthly. payments; this is a genuine request open to any investigation. Car could be held as security. Box 3560.

YOUNG sociable couple seek similar company at friendly informal Club, London. Suggestions welcome. Box 3601.

OLIVERS Travels. The Spain Specialists, free booklet. 16 Cork St., London, W.1.

ENGLISH Lessons. Regency Bookshop, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. PRI. 7484.

XMAS House Party privately arranged in well-known Jewish Bournemouth hotel. Dancing, table tennis, seasonal festivities. Over 20's please write Box 3840.

NEW Year. Cornwall with Cockington Club. Dec. 29-Jan. 6. 7gns. inc. ret. transport. 1954 travel prog. s.a.e.: Russell, 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.5. PRI. 4068.

IF you live in St. John's Wood you will like to know that I am waiving my visiting charge for photographing children in this district, and that my normal fee of 5gns. includes submission of proofs and up to 6 prints. Anthony Panting, photographer, 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8. MAI. 4300.

IS your child 10? Ensure success in 1954-55 Common Entrance Examination with the I.S.T. Home Course. £2 10s. inclusive. Parties from Junior Study Tutorial Courses, 94a Broadway, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7.

QUALIFIED expert gives advice by correspondence about your child on any difficult or mental problem. B. M. Darsya, 3 Bloomsbury St., W.C.1.

FRENCH Riviera. To let, artistic 6-roomed villa in old Provençal village. Telephone: Mac. 2319.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

BE 2in. Taller with "Bildup" men's shoes, 76s. pair. List Free: Capitol Shoe Co. (Box 44), 315 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

ERNEST Hewitt is available for visiting during the Spring term. Ballet. Pas de deux, music department. Box 3595.

ENGLISH writer wants exch. English conversation for French (native). PAR. 6309.

PERSONAL—continued

WHETHER you want "The Ascent of Everest" or the new Raymond Chandler, "The French Theatre Today" or Searle's "Down with Skool" you will find the best of the Christmas Books at the Bodkin Bookshop, 7 Kensington Church Street, W.8. Children's books too, and the most wonderful selection of Christmas Cards you ever saw. (Open all day Saturday.)

CHRISTMAS New Year Holidays: join a ski-ing party to Austria, Saalbach, Lech, Obergurgl or enjoy an English Christmas with one of our hotel or country house parties near London or in the Wye Valley. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

£250 Awards to writers. Details and entry form in current issue of "Now," send 1s. 9d. P.O. to Monktons, 140 Salisbury Square House, E.C.4.

WINTER Sports House Parties, every month, inclusive of tuition and equipment. Xmas and New Year Engelberg. For full details apply: Swiss Hotel Plan, 245 Regent Street, W.1. GRO. 8921.

ABBATT Toyshop. A shop which sells the right toy for the right age & type of child. Shoppers by post send for free illus. catalogue (Dept. E), 94 Wimpole St., W.1.

PHOTOS, charts, maps, Your conference or display material arranged to best advantage by professionals. Donkeywork Services, Phone TAT. 4291. 31 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

SEASIDE accommodation in School or College required for week in August, 1954, for Refresher Course for students combined with holiday with their families. Must be near good sands and places of interest for day trips. North Devon, Somerset or East Anglia preferred. (Approximately 80 adults and 30 children.) Offers stating terms should be addressed to: Education and Training Department, National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, 30 Devonshire Street, London, W.1.

CHRISTMAS Cards. Original designs by contemporary artists; wood engravings, lino cuts, etc., from 3d. upwards. Samples post free. The Caravel Press, 85 Bedford Gardens, London, W.8.

MPs creak, dovecotes flutter, Life's a hazard, so very utter. House Purchase, Endowment, Pensions, Education. H. L. Austin, ex-M.P., Crown Life Ins. Co., 125 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 1701.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Particulars from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

YOGHOURT made from milk easily and cheaply at home. Dets.: Yalacta Products, Ltd., Dept. P., Poplar Road, Shipley, Yorks.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 6/9 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

ARE You interested in the Government's plan for introducing competitive television? The Popular Television Association, of 78 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, will gladly send Speakers to address your Society on this vital subject.

"AU Petit Cordon Bleu." Order your copy of new edition, 11s. post pd.: Specialist Books, 1 Cambridge Sq., London, W.2.

PARENTS! Are you satisfied with your child's school? See "Better Schools Now!" ("Books & Publications" column).

PERSONAL—continued

WINTER Sports. Book your place now on an N.U.S. Winter Sports Holiday, which this year are better, cheaper, and more varied than ever before. Write now for your copy of our Programme to: The National Union of Students, Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

SMALL Committee Room to let during afternoons; nr. British Museum. Box 3737.

ART. Take up Water Colour: Six famous Artists teach you by post. The course is a sheer joy, easy, inexpensive. Pupils exhibit in Royal Academy, etc. Other Postal Courses in every Branch of Art. Illustrated prospectus free. Press Art School, Ltd., (Dept. N.S. 26), Tudor Hall, S.E.23.

YOU do not need a holiday or a rest cure if you have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, relaxing and invigorating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck Street, London, W.1. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

XMAS cards, simple, effective; exclusive designs at moderate cost from Qualitytprint, 87 Tottenham Ct. Rd. MUS. 0380.

EXPRESS Yourself in saleable writing. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N. 1 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Beisize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

CONSULT Ilona Ghero, remedial relaxation expert for chronic fatigue and allied physical complaints. Re-education Massage. 5 Regent's Court, London, N.W.1. Phone PAD. 5858.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anmellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D 191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. Tel. Maida Vale 4657.

ENGLISH. Tuition by prof. writer. Expert, original, individual. PAR. 6309.

GUITAR lessons. Technique, Theory/Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov, FLA. 4354.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessons; classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

PS. Christmas ski-parties now full, but still some vacancies in March, pre-Easter parties Brétaye and Obergurgl. Write to Harold Ingham, 18 St. John's Road, Harrow.

MISCELLANEOUS

HALL, Leic. Sq., with lic. food counter. Meetings, socials, 11gns. evg. Stage avail. for trv-outs of plays, &c. WHI. 3678.

A CENTRAL Meeting Place; rendezvous for players & playgoers. Regular seasons of plays & late night intimate revues. Lic. till midn't.; lounge, food counter. M'ship. 21s. year (V.A.F. & Equity 10s. 6d. Irving Theatre Club, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

LAYTONS Wine Merchants suggest you write for their latest Wine List. Good wines from 6s. 3d. per bottle. 2a Duke St. (Manchester Sq.), W.1. WEL. 1864/8808.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Piertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

GIN Traps are no longer needed! I can send particulars of 11 other ways of killing rabbits. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling you how to kill domestic animals and poultry, and White list of furs humanely obtained. Major C. Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

QUALITYPRINT, the duplicating specialists, also produce the finest illustrated work (Line and Tone), at moderate cost. Call at 87 Tottenham Court Rd. MUS. 0380.

SCHOOLS

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

WELL-BALANCED preparation for the great School of Mankind—Life itself—is the aim of The New School, Kings Langley, Herts. While avoiding early specialisation the method (based on Rudolf Steiner principles) seeks to unfold individual faculties and gifts and to develop truly social impulses. Boys and girls, 6 to 18, received as day children or boarders at moderate fees. Number of vacancies now due to recent extension.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent owned, progressive and co-educational encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

PINEWOOD, Anmellbury, Herts. (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D., R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

WEST Hampstead Kindergarten for children aged 3 to 5. Opening mid-January. Progressive educational outlook. Principal: Mrs. M. Bardas. Assistant: Mrs. N. Hancock. Applications, in writing, to The Principal, 70 Menelik Rd., London, N.W.2, or by phone to the Secretary, HAMpstead 2396, between 9 & 11 a.m., Monday to Friday.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

COMMISSIONS in the Women's Royal Air Force. Applications are invited from women over 18½ and under 37 to train as officers in the W.R.A.F. Initial appointments are for short service commissions—generally five years. Pay begins at £242 p.a. and can rise to £1,163 for those selected for long service commissions. Free accommodation and rations or allowance in lieu. All candidates must pass a selection and a medical board. There are two methods of entry. For a commission, granted after technical and officer training, in the Secretarial, Equipment or Fighter Control branches, candidates must be educated to G.C.E. (ordinary level) or Scottish Leaving Certificate standard. For direct commissions in the Technical, Education, Catering, Equipment or Secretarial branches, applicants should possess a University degree or the Intermediate Certificate of appropriate professional examinations, but those with sufficient practical experience will also be considered. Full details from: Air Ministry, A.R.1 (D.25), Adastral House, London, W.C.2.

AN expanding Company requires the services of a man or woman graduate to undertake field and office control of a National Retailer Panel. An Economics or Sociology degree or knowledge of statistics would be an advantage. The work entails maintaining a panel at full strength, checking field work, organising office routine and appreciation of findings in collaboration with the Statistician. Salary will be in the range £630 to £800 and the post also carries Pension, Life Assurance and Sickness Benefits under a Non-contributory Social Security plan. This post offers an excellent opportunity for a man or woman seeking first-class Market Research experience. Half the time (office) will be spent in Melton Mowbray, and the remainder in the field. Box 3762.

THE United Nations Association has a vacancy for a Central Regional Officer based on Birmingham. Candidates should have interest in and knowledge of the United Nations, public speaking ability, organising experience. Salary £450 rising by six annual increments to £600. Family allowances, pension scheme. Application forms obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. from 25 Charles Street, London, W.1. Closing date for applications December 18.

ENTIRE staff required (Matron, Sister S.R.N., Teacher, House Mothers, Married couple—Gardener/Handyman-Domestic) for Regional Centre for Psychotic and grossly maladjusted children 3-12 years of age, to be opened shortly in the St. Albans Area. Requests for further details and forms of application should be addressed to: Group Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, St. Albans City Hospital, Normandy Rd., St. Albans, Herts.

SCIENTISTS, Technicians or Executives with a sense of social responsibility need not work on the race for rearmament. This well-established manufacturing business in synthetic resins, high polymers, etc., for paints, reinforced plastics and allied trades and based on common-ownership and industrial democracy, is always on the look-out for trained men and women with faith in their fellow men and prepared to take an active part in the pioneering of a self-governing industrial enterprise. Write in confidence to The Managing Director, Scott Bader & Co., Ltd., Wollaston, Northamptonshire. Assets over £150,000. Our officially registered Commonwealth Foundation guarantees the security and well-being of its members.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. "The Oaks" Hostel for Working Boys, Leicester. Applications are invited from women for the appointment of Resident Cook at this Hostel, which accommodates 24 boys. A comfortable bed-sitting room is available for the successful applicant. Salary will be in accordance with the rates laid down by the Ancillary Staffs Council, viz.: £5 6s. 6d. per week, less a repayment of 34s. 9d. per week for board and lodging. Letters of application, accompanied by two recent testimonials, should be sent to the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, immediately. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

FULL TIME Warden, man or woman, for London Children's Club, non-res. Applicants should be well qualified and expd. in this work and should not be older than 35. Further details on written applic. to Junior Clubs Sec., 20 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

AN opportunity occurs for a man with a keen interest in religious, educational and social issues, for appointment as Travelling Officer to a national voluntary organisation. The appointment will be based on London office, with possibility of subsequent transfer to the North of England. Applications, with full details of experience, age and salary required, to Box 3619.

YOUNG teacher required, experienced, superior personality, to teach two ten-year-old intelligent children mornings six times a week, free for travel. Present stay Zurich. High salary. Write Box OFA 1990 CH, Orell Füssli-Annonces, Zurich (Switz.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AMENDED. Experimental Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1953, but an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1953; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1953. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1953 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £681-£838 (men); £586-£707 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £274-£607 (men); £274-£511 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower in provinces. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/53. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

CITY of Nottingham Education Committee. Assistant required in the Further Education Department, concerned primarily with the relations of the Authority with industry and commerce, and in particular with the proceedings of the Committees which advise Institutions of the needs of industry. Experience in Industry or Educational administration essential. Salary A.P.T. IV (£555 × £15—£600). Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, and should be returned not later than December 18, 1953. F. Stephenson, Director of Education, Education Office, South Parade, Nottingham.

YOUTH Club Work. Experienced man and women required as leaders/organisers for new housing areas in Edinburgh. Salaries—man £400; women £350. Superannuation Scheme. Partics. and applic. forms from Secy., E.A.G.C.-E.U.B.C. Joint Development Committee, 12 Alva Street, Edinburgh, 2.

THE S.O.S. Society invite applications for the post of Trainee Assistant Wardens in their hostels for men and boys in London. Commencing salary £3 5s. with increases to £4. Live in, all found. Pension Scheme for permanent staff and assistance with study for Social Science Diploma. Qualifications: Age 23-37, experience in welfare work, Youth Clubs, etc. Applications in writing to the General Secretary, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

MALADJUSTED children, normal intelligence, co-educational, aged 9-15. Resident teacher for general subjects required January at Alresford Place Hostel School, Hants. Music an advantage. Either sex. Salary Burnham scale. Write giving personal details to C.S.A., 36 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

VACANCY for qualified and experienced Family Caseworker, salary £450-£550. Application, giving full details and testimonials, to General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society Inc., 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

MARKET Research Interviewers (women) wanted for surveys of consumer habits and public opinion. To start after Xmas for several months' continuous work. Starting salary £6 to £7 a week according to experience, plus full expenses; 5-day week. Write giving experience and areas where able to work, to Research Services, Ltd., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

EXPERIENCED secretary required for small factory personnel department at Renfrew. Must be good shorthand writer and capable of interviewing people and working on own initiative. The work is interesting with excellent conditions of service and prospects. Apply in writing marking envelope "Secretary," to Personnel Manager, B.O.C.M. Ltd., Wright St., Renfrew.

SECRETARIAL Shorthand-Typist. Capable working own initiative. Interesting Social Work. Box 3765.

EXPERIENCED secretary reqd. by works manager of bookprinting factory in Hertfordshire. Aptitude for figures and knowledge of language(s) desirable. Interesting and varied post. Box 3732.

ENGLISH-German Secretary Shorthand Typist wanted as Assistant Secretary to Director of City firm, preferably also with knowledge of French. Please write, stating age and salary required, Box 2947, Frost-Smith Advg., 64 Finsbury Pavement, E.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WARDEN'S Secretary required at School for Maladjusted Children. Commencing salary £180 p.a. plus board & lodging. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

THE Decca Record Company require a young woman, able to type accurately and with an interest in music, to help with the compilation of catalogues. Please apply to Publicity Dept., The Decca Record Co., Ltd., 1-3 Brixton Road, S.W.9.

EFFICIENT Typist reqd. by City Timber Brokers. Shthnd. unnec. (Emidicta). French/German advantage, not essent. F. Selby Ltd., 63 Moorgate, E.C.2. MON. 6741.

CENTURY Theatre reqs. cook, Co-op. organisation 20 persons. Theatre-on-wheels. Now Hinckley, Leics. (16 Station Rd.)

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

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FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Institute of Commonwealth Studies. Leverhulme Research Fellowship. Applications are invited for above Fellowship involving full-time research in economic history of British Tropical Dependencies, later 19th and 20th centuries. The Fellowship is valued at not less than £900 per annum, tenable in first instance for one year. Applications not later than December 19 to Secretary of the Institute, 27 Russell Square, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"COMMUNIST Trail in America," by Spolansky, 25s., and other Macmillan New York books now available. See R. Manning adv. on page 738 and write for list.

A YEAR'S subscription to "The Linguist," the Modern Language Monthly, costs 13s. 6d., and is the ideal Christmas gift for a friend abroad. Greetings Card sent with Jan. issue to arrive on Christmas Day. Send now for specimen copy and Christmas Order Form. The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"THEY took me out to die . . ." A Kikuyu's terrible testimony in this week's "Tribune." If you can't get a copy send 5½d. to Tribune, 222 Strand, W.C.2, or 2s. 6d. for the next 9 issues.

DID you know that potato peelings can save life? That good nutrition lessens accidents? That pasteurised milk kills calves? That millions of germs work to keep us well? These and dozens of other vital health facts are expounded in a fascinating book to be published December 15. Nature cure from the inside. "The Way of Chronic Disease" by James C. Thomson of the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh. From your bookseller (7s. 6d., by post 7s. 9d.), or direct from Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9 (Tel. 79435).

ARISTOPHANES—"Peace" and "Lysistrata." New translation by D. Alastos, with introduction. 10s. 6d. "Zeno," 6 Denmark Street, W.C.2. TEM. 2522.

"BETTER Schools Now!" Peggy Jay's challenging and helpful book for parents. 3s. 6d. from bookshops/stalls or (with 2d. postage) from Turnstile Press, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ARE you troubled about teaching religion to children? "God And His Messengers" by David Hofman tells the stories of the Founders of the world's great religions—Moses, Buddha, Jesus, Muhammad, The Bab, Baha'u'llah—and includes a chapter on God Recommended by Dr. Genevieve Coy, Psychologist, The Dalton School, for children 5 to 8 years. Attractively bound with 6 original and beautiful coloured plates. 9s. 6d. net. George Ronald, Wheatley, Oxford.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

DRAMA, winter number now ready. Articles by G. B. Stern, Ronald Duncan, J. W. Lambert, Lionel Hale, Oscar Hammerstein, Hugh Ross Williamson, Esme Church, H. F. Garten and Stephen Jack. Book Reviews; Illustrations; 1s. 7½d. post free (6s. 6d. p.a.) from Drama, 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1.

HAVE you reactionary aunts and uncles unaware liberal/rational pacifist or republican principles desirable? Purchase Hunting Man's Rambles, memoirs General Weygand, biography W. E. Henley, Royal House of Greece, The Fox, Monarchy and the Chase, all mint condition, at less than half price, and give them a happy Christmas! Give yourself one, too, with Sculptures of Picasso 15s. (orig. 45s.), Thames About 1750 21s. (orig. 63s.), Crisis of the Human Person 6s. 6d. (orig. 12s. 6d.) Write, 'phone or call for a Catalogue—Remainder Centre, Ltd., 7/9 Oxford Circus Avenue, 211 Oxford Street, London, W.1. GERrard 0278.

"TOWARD Manhood," by Dr. H. N. Bundesen, an essential, enlightening book for parents and adolescents. 10s. 6d. post free from Harvey & Blythe, Ltd. (Medical Publishers), 212 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

"140 Jewish Marshals, Generals and Admirals," by E. Rubin. 500 pp., 100 illustrations. 21s. from all booksellers.

LETZTE Chance! Reduced Subskriptionspreis for new edition "Der Grosse Brockhaus," ends Dec. 31. Particulars Walter Gruen & Son, 51a Chipstead Valley Rd., Coulsdon, Surrey. UPLands 1708.

"SUPERSOZZLED Nights": the teetotaller's consolation. 8s. 9d. post free. Rubicon, 21 Craven Terrace, London, W.2.

NOW being read by every thinking person: "A Heretic's Answer to Communism." Western Press, Westward Ho!, Devon. 7s. 6d.

CHRISTMAS offer to all Stamp-Lovers. Two illus. books for thematic collectors: Zoology in Postage Stamps, 18s. net & Medicine & Science in Postage Stamps, 7s. 6d. net. The two books sent post free, 18s. net. Remittances to Harvey & Blythe, Ltd., 212 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

88 Million Trade Unionists sent 819 representatives to the Third World Trade Union Congress, Vienna, Oct. '53—342 of them from non-W.F.T.U. unions. Full report in special 84-page "World Trade Union Movement"; 100 pictures; 24-page Supplement of Congress decisions. 1s. per copy, plus postage, from: W.F.T.U. Publications, Ltd., 6 Chichester Chambers, Chichester Rents, London, W.C.2.

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WANTED, Runs of Magazines such as Verve, Minotaure; Transition; Criterion; Horizon; Nine; Seven, etc.; Also Learned & Technical Jrnls.; Libraries & Reviews purchased; Out-of-Print books found; Catalogues issued. Fisher and Sperr, Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St., London, N.6.

"BIRTH Control To-day" by Dr. Marie Stopes. 4s. 108 Whitfield St., W.1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3090.

LIBRARIES bought. Any size. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

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WANTED: Borkenau, Communist International; Used German Linguaphone, £6; Post-War Office Typewriter, perfect condition.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

BOLTONS Theatre, KEN. 5598. Marrat Marionettes in "The High Toby," by J. B. Priestley and Offenbach's "Rose of Auvergne." Comm. Dec. 8, nightly exc. Mons. 8. Mats. Sat., Sun. 5 (& daily Xmas week).

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri., 7.45. Sats. 6 & 8.30. Sun., December 13, Members only 7.45. "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens. Produced by Joan Littlewood.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). "Cinderella," tuneful, all-laughter Panto. Adm. 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d. (Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.).

IRVING, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Sing for Your Supper" (Second edition), a topical intimate Revue. Licd. till midn't. Mems. 5s.

POETRY Evening Tues., Dec. 8, 7.45, at St. Brides Institute, St. Brides Lane, Fleet Street. Readers: Abse, Chapman, Galvin, Milne Silkin. Adm. 1s. 6d.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 6: "Citizen Kane" (A). From Dec. 7: Flaherty's "Louisiana Story" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, 5th Bank, WAT. 3232. Sat. Dec. 5, Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper in "Desire" (A) by Ernst Lubitsch. 2.4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace, ADV. 3520. Sun., Dec. 6, 7.30. "Mameos" (X) (France).

A FREE Seat to every New Member enrolling in December. From Dec. 19 East & West Film Society will present Indian Feature Films, at Irving Theatre, Irving St., Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Annual membership 5s.

DANCING Saturday evenings 8-11 p.m. West End Band. Licensed Bar. Members 2s. 6d., non-member 4s. 6d. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. GRO. 6185.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance, Saturday, December 5, 7.30-11 p.m. St. Mary's Church Hall, 34 Crawford St., Marylebone (nr. Classic Cinema, Baker St.), W.1. Tickets, 2s. 6d.

LEAGUE of Coloured Peoples: Dance at Royal Empire Society, Craven Street, W.C.2, on Saturday, December 5, 7.30 to midnight. Gents. 4s. Ladies 3s. 6d.

BEN Uri Arts Ball, Chelsea Town Hall, King's Rd., S.W.3. Tues., Dec. 8, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Harry Musikant and His Band. Cabaret Prizes etc. Fancy Dress optl. Tkts. 15s. (incl. buffet) from Soc. Ben Uri Art Gall., 14 Portman St., W.1. WEL. 3001.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association presents its Annual Chanukah Ball at Washington Hotel, Curzon Street, W.1, on Saturday, December 5. Dancing 8 midnight. Tickets: 22s. 6d. Members, 27s. 6d. Members' guests, from Miss T. Gale, 32 Hollypark, Finchley, N.3.

CONCERTS

FRIDAY, Dec. 4, 8 p.m., Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. A.G.M.C. presents Latchem Quartet and Ilse Wolf, soprano, in Works by Hartmann, Reutter, Uzy, Hence. Tickets 3s. at door.

BRAHMS Concert: Victoria & Albert Museum, Sunday, December 6 at 8 p.m. Flora Nielsen (mezzo-soprano), William Primrose (viola), and George Malcolm (piano). Tickets: Res. 9s., 6s.; Unres. 3s. from Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd. (WEL. 8418) & Usual Agents: On Concert Night Only at Museum.

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society, Hampstead Parish Church, Church Row, N.W.3. Tuesday, December 8, 8 p.m. Purcell, My Heart is Inditing; Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 in D; Britten, St. Nicolas (Peter Pears, Tenor); Boyd Neel Orchestra; Conductor: Martindale Sidwell. Programmes: 3s. On Concert Night Only at Museum.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Tues., Dec. 15, 8 p.m. Hirsch String Quartet, Louis Kentner, Piano Quintets, Cesar Franck & Dvorak; String Quartet, Mozart. WAT. 3191.

THE new English Consort and Albert Chisey, violin. Quartets by Fasch, Telemann; unpublished sonatas: for 'cello by Geminiani, violin by Abaco, oboe by Babell. at 8.15, Tues., Dec. 15. Arts Council, 4 St. James Square, S.W.1.

ZARA Dolukhanova, Mezzo-soprano, Stalin prizewinner, Honoured Artist Armenian Republic. Song Recital, Sat., Dec. 5, 3 p.m. Wigmore Hall. Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. from Wigmore Hall (WEL. 2141) or from SCR. (WES. 1571).

LEONARD Cassini, well-known Pianist, will give a talk and play Rumanian music including works of Ciprian Porumbescu, centenary of whose birth is celebrated this year. Also tape recording of Orchestral Music. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Sun Dec. 13, 7.30. Adm. 6d. Brit. Rumanian Fship. Ass., 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

SALOME Jacobs, the brilliant young South African pianist, will give a recital. Programme: Classical and Romantic music by Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. Three Arts Club, 35 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch (corner of Upper Berkeley St.), W.1. Sat., Dec. 12, 7.45 for 8 p.m. Adm.: Members 2s. 6d. Visitors 3s. 6d.

A RECITAL by Miriam Lewis (pianoforte) and Maureen Forbes (contralto) will be presented for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Rudolf Steiner Hall, 33 Park Road, N.W.1, on Monday, Dec. 7, at 8 p.m. Adm. Free.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Recent Paintings & Watercolours by John Minton. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London Exhibition of Paintings by Russian émigré artists in Paris, Soutine; Kremegne; Chagall; Kikoine, etc. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1, until Jan. 9, 1954.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery, East End Academy 1953. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Daily 11-5, Sundays 2-6. Closed Mondays. Admission free.

HUMOROUS Drawings by 115 American and British Artists. Tea Centre, 22 Lower Regent Street, S.W.1. 10.30-6.30, Mon.-Sat. Admission 1s.; Children 6d.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street. Formalism and Realism in 16th Cent. Art; Mannerist and Baroque Paintings.

WILLIAM Hartwell, Paintings, Green & Abbott Ltd., 35 St George St., W.1. Nov. 12-Dec. 11. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. "The Intimate Life of Paul Klee"; Drawings & Watercolours 1908-1940. Until Dec. 30. Daily 11-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non members 1s.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Among those McEvoy Retrospective and Edmund Dulac Memorial Exhib. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

INTERNAT. Graphic Arts presents John Christoforou, Sam Kaner. 11-5.30. 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2 (behind Arts Theatre).

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, London, W.1. New Paintings by Francis Bacon. First Exhibition by Derrick Greaves.

YUGOSLAV Mediaeval Frescoes (replicas). Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Open till Dec. 13. Week-days 10-6 (Tues & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. European Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions VIII: paintings by Wilson, Gainsborough Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Renoir, Modigliani, etc. Daily 9.30-6. Saturdays 9.30-1. 31, Bruton Street, London, W.1.

LE Club Contemporain, 5 Whitehorse Street, Piccadilly. Prints and Paintings by Lautie. Daily 1-7.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. Paintings by A. Fleishmann and R. de'Meric. December 6 to January 3.

IRVING Galleries, 15 Irving St., Leicester Square. Recent Paintings by Dennis James and Hannah Gavert.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Exhib. of Pastels by Helen Wilson. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. Closing Sat., Dec. 5.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Charming Small Works by English & French Artists.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings: Jean Hugo, Martin Battersby and Frederick John Fuchs. Opening Wednesday, December 9, at 3 o'clock.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Collectors' Choice: 19th and 20th Century Paintings. Closing Dec. 5. From Dec. 8, New Paintings by Norman Adams and Brenda Chamberlain. Pottery by James Tower.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Secretary-General of the United Nations, Dag Hammarskjold, Clement Attlee and Harold MacMillan speak at a United Nations Association Rally, Royal Albert Hall, December 17, 7.30 p.m. Programme includes Dramatic Documentary—The Way Ahead—the U.N. against War and Want, with cast of 300. Tickets 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. U.N.A., 25 Charles Street, W.1.

KENYA. National Day of Protest, Dec. 9. The Kenya Committee calls on all lovers of Democracy to lobby your M.P. protest to the Colonial Secretary against the Tyranny in Kenya on Day of Protest, Dec. 9. Information from Kenya Committee, 86 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1. Tel. VIC. 4967.

RACIAL Unity lecture: Mr. I. Norman on "Racial Relations in British Guiana," 7 p.m., December 7. Friends International Centre, 32 Tavistock Square. All welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy., Wed., Dec. 9, 7.30. Discn.: "Trends in Civil Liberty" opened by Peter Joseph. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

A. D. Howell Smith: "John Bunyan: the Man and the Writer." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Dec. 6. 6.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

A LEADER of African People gives the African's point of view. Walter Sisulu. Sec. Gen. African Nat. Congress, S. Africa. Chair: Sir Leslie Plummer, M.P. Fri., Dec. 4, 7.30. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd. Auspices Fund for African Democracy. ABB. 3770.

ST. Marylebone Fabian Society. Tues., Dec. 8. Dinner Meeting, 7 p.m. William Warbey, M.P., on "The Future of Germany." Mayflower Restnt., corner Baker St./George St. 5s. 6d. Tel. CUN. 7123.

MANCHESTER and District Council for African Affairs. Joseph Murumbi speaks about his plan for "Peace in Kenya." At Chorlton Town Hall, All Saints, Thursday, Dec. 10, 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Sun., Dec. 6, 7.30. "Contemporary Music from Southern Africa," by Hugh Tracey. Tues., Dec. 8, 8.15. "Jazz: New Trends & Parallels," by Mike Butcher & Jack Baverstock. Mems. 1s. 6d. guests 2s. 6d.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Miss Judith Ben-Zion, M.A., Dip. Ed., on "Les Enfants Terribles"—the objects of Educational Rehabilitation. Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, W.C.2, at 8 p.m., on Tuesday, December 8. Visitors 2s.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Thurs., Dec. 10, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in English by Prof. J. A. Lauwerys, Univ. of London, Inst. of Education. Subj.: "Unity, Harmony and Progress—The Educational System of Belgium." Adm. free.

"ABSTRACT Art, its cause and cure": lecture by Stephen Bone, arc. by Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton), Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St., E.C.1. (nr. Finsbury Town Hall. Rosebery Ave.). Monday, Dec. 7, 8.15. Non-members 1s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Dec. 6, S. K. Ratcliffe, "One Hundred Believers." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.40 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Dec. 12, at 6 p.m. Mme. Morris-Gillet (Alliance Française): "La mode, reflet de la vie française."

PERSONALIST Group. Alec Craig on "The Kinsey Report on the Sexual Behaviour of the Human Female," Wed., Dec. 9. Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

SHAW Society presents "Shakespearian Scraps & Shavings," incls. Readings by Abraham Sofaer. Dec. 7, 7 Albemarle St., 7 p.m. 1s. 6d. or by memb. incl. "The Shavian," 15s. ($2) yearly.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

YOGA. Physical mental & emotional development. Dec. 14, 7.30 p.m. at 22D Ebury Street, S.W.1. Admission 2s. 6d.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.15 p.m., Sunday, Dec. 6. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Nr. Victoria Stn. Discourse Frank Dawtry: "Our Responsibility For The Offender."

P. MEHTA on "Religion and Fulfilment." Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.15. All welcome. No collection. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queens Gardens, W.2.

MUSIC, Dance & Drama Group (Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon): Nativity Plays, Dec. 18-20; followed by Christmas House Party.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, at 7 p.m., Dec. 8. Ashton Burall, "On Being a Democrat." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Dec. 11. The Rev. Dudley E. Edwards, "An Introduction to Unitarianism."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

RE-SHAPING British Industry, Week-end School, January 1-3, Steyning, Sussex. Further particulars: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

ESSEX Education Committee. Wansfell Residential College for Adults, Theydon Bois, Essex. (Central Line.) Forthcoming Courses: Critical Appreciation of a Play ("King John," at Old Vic., Dec. 18-20, '53. The Art of Writing (Mr. L. A. G. Strong). Jan. 1-3, '54. The Housing Problem. Jan. 15-17, '54. Science and Values. Jan. 29-31, '54. Fees 30s. resident. Details and list of other courses from the Warden.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

SLADE School of Fine Art, University College London. Candidates for admission in October, 1954, should submit application forms by December 15, 1953, to the Secretary, Slade School of Fine Art, University College London, Gower Street, W.C.1, from whom forms and conditions of entry may be obtained.

SPANISH Intensive Course in London, Dec. 29-Jan. 2. The Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7180.

JANUARY Courses at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon: 1-3, "A Degree in One's Own Time"; 8-10, "Democracy in a Changing World"; 15-17, "Mathematics, Education and Living"; 22-24, "A Study of Cybernetics."

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs. success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

SHORTHAND-Typewriting, part-time day courses begin January, beginners (6 months), refresher (3 months). North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, London, N.W.5. GUL. liver 1134.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D. Degrees; Law Exams, etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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